



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**PO BOX 566**  
**Big Horn WY 82833**

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**2020**

**WE USUALLY MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**NOT THE LAST SUNDAY - NEXT MEETING JAN 26**

**Meetings are held at BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting at 1:00 with Program to follow about 2:00.**

### **The Sheridan Inn & Guests**

Helen Laumann will present this month's program on the Sheridan Inn and Guests. The Inn was built in 1893 with co-operation of the Burlington Missouri River Railroad and the Sheridan Land Company. The architect, Francis Rodgers Kimble, designed the Inn after a hunting lodge in Scotland. The construction of the Inn cost \$25,000 and is built like an upside-down ship. It was considered the finest hotel between Chicago and San Francisco. In 1949, the building was accepted in the Ripley's Believe It Or Not as the House of 69 Gables.

Some of the famous guests included four U.S. Presidents, Famous painters, writers, movie stars, military officers and even Charles Lindbergh.

Helen Laumann has been researching the Sheridan area history for several years and finds the stories of our people and places very interesting and enjoys sharing them with others.



**Buffalo Bill standing in center near post.**

*1900 Thomas Coleman*



Our Sympathies go out to the family of Delores (Dee DeJarnett) Cochrane:

August 31, 1934 - September 30, 2019

Dee Cochrane was born to loving parents, Louise and Warren DeJarnett in the Kansas prairie town of Agricola. However, she grew to young womanhood at the base of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming in the small town of Big Horn. After graduating as valedictorian from high school, she attended Hastings College in Nebraska where she met the love of her life, Ladd Cochrane. Dee and Ladd had two children, Carrie and Patrick. Dee was a loving mother and wife during her 64 years of marriage. Don is her brother who lives in Billings.



**To check on meeting cancellations CALL:**  
**MIKE @ (307)751-2482 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107**  
**OR listen to**  
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## EARLY BIG HORN (History collected by Beulah Skinner -1932 Big Horn Yearbook)

*[She was a high school teacher. This has been typed as per the original – there are numerous words, spellings, etc. that might not be considered correct today.] (continued from Nov-Dec newsletter)*

A newspaper was started in the spring of 1883 to boost Big Horn and the surrounding country. Five hundred dollars were raised and a small hand press was ordered. E. H. Becker, of Miles City, had charge of the printing office which was erected soon. Becker was formerly a book agent. Lew and Fay Summers, both of Miles City, helped with the printing. W. E. Jackson was president of the trustees and took great interest in making a success of the paper. The Big Horn Sentinel, as it was called, was the first newspaper printed in Sheridan County. Becker owned the paper for three years then moved it to Buffalo which had become a thriving little city. He published the first issue there November 7, 1885. Later he sold out and bought the Gazette at Billings. He owned that paper for fifteen years then sold it for \$40,000 and went as a real estate dealer to Spokane, where he died a few years ago.

H. A. Coffeen, of Danville, Illinois, arrived in Big Horn in 1884 and opened a general store, making three general stores, two blacksmith shops and three saloons. Big Horn was considered a prominent city then. In 1892 Coffeen was elected to Congress.

The first county fair ever staged in Wyoming was held across the creek from Big Horn on September 15, 1885. It was a great event; people came from far and near and pitched their tents. U. S. Senator B. B. Beck of Kentucky, who was visiting his son, George, at Beckton, gave an address. The half mile track and exhibit buildings, which were built especially for the occasion, were on what is now the George Forsythe ranch, across Little Goose from Big Horn. It then belonged to Sackett. W. F. Davis was the officer of the day. Floral Hall, the large exhibit hall, was built out of native lumber, for the agricultural, textile, canning and handicraft exhibits. The livestock for the most part was quartered in pens built for that purpose. It is said that the agricultural exhibits have seldom been equaled in quality since that time. The reason for this was that the produce of that day was grown in virgin soil, unhampered by weeds or insects. There were many cattle and horses exhibited at the first fair. There were also chickens and hogs. There were many exhibits in the culinary department too – bread, fancy cooking, canned goods, jellies, jams, preserves, and pickles. The textile display contained some very beautiful needlework. Horse racing furnished the principal amusement. The track was a good one and boasted of a judge's stand and bandstand. There was no grandstand. The music was furnished by a group of cowboys and Big Horn residents who proudly called themselves the Big Horn Municipal Band. The fair lasted three days and consisted mostly of harness horse races. They also had some excellent running races and other events. People came from miles around and stayed for the entire show. As there was but one small hotel in Big Horn, most of the fair visitors camped along Little Goose. The fair was called the Johnson County Fair, because at that time Johnson County included Sheridan, Johnson and Campbell counties.

The country settled rapidly during 1886 and 1887. In 1888 an enabling act to divide Johnson and Sheridan County was authorized by the tenth Wyoming legislature. The first election was held May 8, 1888, at which time, after a bitter fight between Sheridan, Big Horn, and Dayton, Sheridan was selected as the county seat. That year Big Horn sold the fair improvements to Sheridan, where succeeding fairs were extremely popular. Crowds of people from Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and Denver came to see the parades and the war dances put on by Crow Reservation Indians, who often numbered a thousand.

A little later Reverend Jennings of England began the Congregational Church in Big Horn. He, however, was an Episcopalian. The Congregational Society was the first religious society in the town but there was no church until 1894. This was the first Congregational Church in the northern part of Wyoming. The Methodist Church was built the year before and was dedicated in October, 1893. The I. O. O. F. hall was built in 1896. Originally it was a store operated by a man named Berkhart, who died a few weeks ago. In 1900 it stood vacant and the Odd Fellows bought it in 1901. The lodge, which had been formed in 1897, held meetings in the old hall above the store prior to that time. The creamery, now the house where Mr. R. M. Lamie lives, was built in 1902 and operated for about seven years when it failed financially.

The constitution of Wyoming was adopted at the general election November 5, 1889; the Act of Admission was approved July 10, 1890; and Wyoming became a state December 10, 1890, twenty-two years after Wyoming Territory was carved from the Great Northwest in 1868 by an act of Congress and John A. Campbell had been appointed by the President as governor of this new unit of the nation. *(end of Miss Skinner's writings)*

The following obituary was shared by Jerilea Johns Phillips. She writes: "This is the article about my great grandmother's death. My grandmother was Dorothy Nell. It's so interesting how it is written." This accident was discussed at the meeting in September when Helen Laumann presented the history on the Babione Family. The photo was featured in the October newsletter (again at right) will show how steep that wagon road was. Thank you for sharing Jerilea!!



## A FATAL ACCIDENT

August 24, 1905

Outing Party, Team and Wagon Go Over Precipice on Piney Creek Mountain Road.

Woman's Neck Broken, Head Crushed

*Mrs. W. E. Williams Sustains a Double Fracture of the Collar Bone and Ligaments Torn Loose from Heel – Little Ralph Hensinger Received Broken Rib and Had Scalp Wound – Other Occupants Not Seriously Hurt – Body of Deceased Embalmed and Taken to Sedalia, Mo., for Interment – Mrs. Williams Recovering.*

One of the saddest accidents that has happened in the history of this county took place six miles south of Big Horn last Friday morning at about 10:00, while a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Williams and family of the Hollingsworth ranch and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Hensinger, a traveling man, of Sedalia, MO., and family, were returning from a week's outing in the mountains.

The party was descending the Baboie hill, a very steep and sidling one, in fact the hill was so bad that all of the people except Messrs Hensinger and Williams, who were driving and attending to the wagon brake, had gotten out and were walking until they had gotten nearly down, when Mesdames Hensinger and Williams and Ralph Hensinger, becoming tired and believing the worst of the road to be behind them, got in to ride. They had hardly started up again when one of the horses stepped over a log on the lower side of the road and in doing so he slipped and fell taking the other horse, the heavy lumber wagon and its five occupants with it.

The two men jumped and were not hurt to speak of. Ralph, the 13-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hensinger, fell out the rear end of the wagon and in his fall broke a rib and fractured his skull. Mrs. Williams, who was sitting on the upper side, was thrown clear of the wagon. Her collar bone was broken in two places and the ligaments were torn loose from one of her heels. Mrs. Hensinger was not even as fortunate as the other unfortunate ones. It seems that she and the wagon fell or rather rolled down the precipice together, and as soon as her husband could get to her he found that the worst had happened. She was sitting up with her head against the wagon wheel and the wheel was resting across her limbs just below the knees. Her neck was broken and her skull fractured. It is supposed that the wagon tire hit the poor woman on the head, and that her neck was broken in the fall.

Immediately after the accident William Williams rode hurriedly to the nearest telephone and called for Dr. Stevenson of Big Horn, and about that time Cecil Janney happened along with a light spring wagon and brought the unfortunate party to the ranch.

Mr. Hensinger is a brother of Mrs. Williams, and he and his family had come here to spend a couple of months on the ranch.

Laura D. Hensinger, wife of H. V. Hensinger, was 42 years of age. She is said to have been a loving wife and exceptionally kind mother, and for her to be taken so unexpectedly is too sad to think about.

Besides her devoted husband she leaves four motherless children, Ruth, thirteen; Ralph, twelve; Helen, ten; and Dorothy Nellie, five years of age.

The deceased was a resident of Sedalia, MO., where all of her people live, and it was just four months ago today that she laid her mother to rest at that place.

The body of the deceased was embalmed, and on Sunday afternoon the husband and children accompanied the remains to Sedalia for burial.

Mrs. Williams, who was hurt, is a sister of Mrs. Dolph Thomas of this city, and Mrs. Thomas informs the Post that although her sister has suffered a great deal she is getting along nicely now and will recover.

## Ridin' the Range & Rolling a Cigarette - Trickey in the Rain ~ With Red Fenwick

You smoke cigarettes, pal? I do too, although I still wonder why. And I'll never forget the greatest, best-tasting smoke I ever rolled in my life.

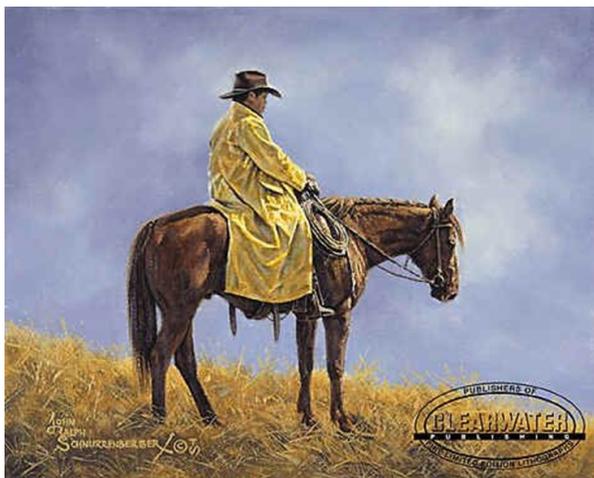
A cold, unrelenting rain soaked the good earth all that day and it smelled good like wet grass and pine and sagebrush. It came down occasionally in sheets and then in wisps from gray fleeces of cloud banks that combed the handsomely green LaPerele Valley of Central Wyoming, and left a freshness I only wish I could describe.

Now and then a flash of lightning followed by an almost instant reverberation of thunder, asserting the Lord's dominion in terms with which a mere mortal just can't argue.

Frankly, friend, I was "scairt!" And so was the mare I was riding. Copper, that was her name, was coal black and her coat gleamed the color of new wire or kitchen ware when the sun struck her. **NO SUN THAT DAY!**

We were shivering cold, chilled to the bone by the rain. There was no sun that day. And yet her black hide quivered with the cold and glistened with a nervous sweat that smelled good and clean and strong. Today you'd probably call it Eau de Corral or something.

Anyway, there's nothing that smells better. I was just a teen-age jasper at that time, but I fancied myself a cowhand. At least I liked to ride and that was the job my boss, Lance Rose, gave me.



I rode fence and pushed cattle here and there, packed salt and carried steeples (“staples, as we used to call them”) in the rolled-up cuffs of my Levi’s. Those rolled-up cuffs have long since gone out of style on the range and I wonder where cowboys nowadays carry fence steeples or knock their cigarette ashes when they’re out on social calls.

Anyway – back at the ranch – Boss Rose assigned me that one day to ride up to a neighbor’s pasture and remove one of our bulls who’d managed to get in the neighbor’s cow herd at the wrong time of the year.

#### AN ALL-DAY RIDE!

The chore was an all day ride and I elected to ride Copper because she needed a good working-out. She’d never been introduced to a saddle slicker and she took to it like a rooster to a chicken-hunting skunk. Old rodeo-man, Buck Coates, who’d lived to break horses after losing a spoonful of brains in the rodeo arena, had broken her.

She and Buck Coates were good companions.

There was a sort of a natural affinity between Copper and me. Actually she’d never been broke, and neither had I. We had a lot of fun together during our summer acquaintance, but this rainy day it was all work and no fun.

What a horse. I’d trained her to ride up and let me open and close barb-wire gates. And she’d turn a runaway calf on a dime. Copper was a cow pony, no doubt. *But that getting off and back on again.....and that yellow saddle slicker.*

#### DIDN’T LIKE SLICKER!

Once we got out of the home corral and headed up the LaPerele, we got along fine except that she kept looking back at that funny thing I was wearing and occasionally letting me know she didn’t like it by shying to one side or the other.

Meanwhile the rain kept pouring down and dripping off my hat and causing all kinds of discomforts. Believe me, pal, everything I had to do that day I did on horseback. And sometimes it was a nerve-racking, tedious job.

Have you ever tried to light a cigarette in a convertible going 70 miles an hour? It’s nothing. Try to toll one out of Bull Durham in a rain storm sitting leather atop a spooky, 1,000 pounds of potential dynamite, and come back and compare notes with me.

All that miserable day I wanted to roll a cigarette but didn’t dare do it. I couldn’t let loose of the bridle reins for fear that young mare would stick her head in the mud and toss me toward the moon. She didn’t care much for lightning.

Finally, long late in the afternoon, I got back homeward near Shorty Jackson’s place. Copper was tired. I figured I could walk from where we were to the Jackson place. So I tied the reins, dropped them behind the saddle horn, opened the slicker, got out the Durham and coiled a smoke while the water dripped from the point of my hat.

It was the greatest, most enjoyable smoke I ever had in my life.

But for the benefit of you young jaspers, if I had my druthers now, I’d never have smoked the first cigarette I ever smoked in my life.

And I’d never have had to walk to the Jackson Ranch either!

*I found this in some papers with some of my family records. I don’t know who Red Fenwick was (maybe some of you do) but Buck Coates was my Uncle Buck, a younger brother of my dad’s and Lance Rose was the husband of my dad’s sister, Hazel. They lived in Big Horn for awhile, and in Sheridan, and at several ranches around the country, including the Hosford Ranch at Birney. Mona Coates Brown.*

*[Mona: Thank you for sharing. This was a special find and so enjoyable to read ~ a real life story from a real Wyoming cowboy! I am so grateful for all that Mona does for us: Treasurer of the BHCHS, Treasurer of Mt. Hope Cemetery, Co-Director of the Bozeman Trail Museum and my typist for retyping stories, obituaries, newspaper articles and the best archivist/scanner of historical photos.]*



Website: [bighorncity.org](http://bighorncity.org)

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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor

Would you be interested in  
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On Road To Tapes in winter.

Looks like Red Grade Road. Who needs snow plows?  
PHOTO COURTESY OF IKE FORDYCE



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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

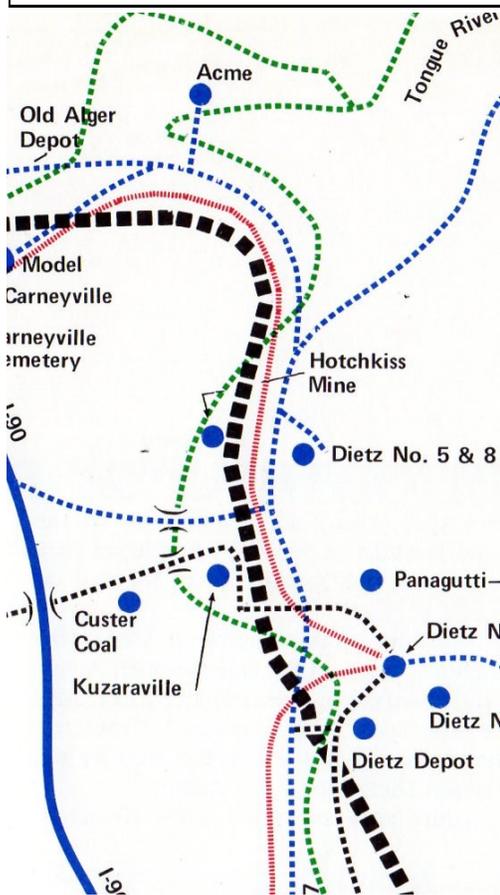
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**KUZARAVILLE**  
**By Mike Kuzara**

The program will be about my grandfather, George Kuzara, who was born in Poland/Austria in 1876, arrived in the US in 1892 and made it to Wyoming by 1900. I will talk about his businesses in Sheridan & Roundup and Windham, Montana. There will be some discussion about the Star Mine north of Sheridan east of Higby Road which was, except for the Rock Creek-Fort Custer stage route and the remnants of the Bozeman Trail, the only local north/south road which connected the coal camps to Sheridan for wagon and motor car traffic. I will show that the route passed right by his strategically placed saloon at Kuzaraville and explain why.  
 (map from BLACK DIAMONDS book by Stan Kuzara)



We have more information about the story from the last newsletter: "Ridin' the Range & Rolling a Cigarette - Trickey in the Rain" with Red Fenwick. Robert W. "Red" was a reporter for The Denver Post. "He wrote about the west and anything related to cowboys, rodeos, farmers, housewives and just plain folks." He started working for the Post in 1942. When he died on Nov. 4, 1982, his obituary described him as "a friend of children, cowboys, Indians, rodeo, the U.S. flag, hot-wire linemen, horses, dogs, yucca and everything American." (found on The Denver Post website.)



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(I remembered reading the following letter regarding the Johnson County Cattle War. Willis was not one of the large cattle ranchers who hired the assassins from Texas. He was one of our local pioneer homesteaders. I also have found a journal written by Rosa Maye Kendrick who wrote about the trouble her father, John B. Kendrick, had during this event. He was one of the major cattle ranchers. Rosa's journal follows on page 3.)

Letter addressed to Mrs. Willis M. Spear, Jr. Big Horn, Wyo.

Buffalo, Wyo.

April 12 1892.

My dear Wife

We arrived in town all right – my horse was tired and I will stay in town tonight – there has been no one hurt so far – only the two rustlers that were killed in the cabin – there is 200 men around Canton and 61 with him. Have killed most of Canton's horses and captured all their teams – 50 beds – 400 lbs of oats – 1500 cartridges – satchels, everything they had – only what they had on their backs – in their satchels they found silk stockings, slippers, fine shirts, cheque books – Canton's cards and provisions of all kinds & Giant powder – danimite (*dynamite*), strychnine & bombs and a associating (*associated*) press reporter – they have them all surround (*surrounded*) – with a rifle pits and are building a fort on wheels and will try and burn the hay and stables tonight or in the morning. The reporter says there were 40 rustlers to be killed – Foote's boy – oldest one was one & sheriff Angus another – there is no danger of them getting reinforcements – 25 of the 61 are from Texas – the balance are big cattle oners (*owners*) – the women of Buffalo send out cooked grub by the wagon load – they use Cantons teams and his teamsters in hauling wood and grub from Buffalo.

Morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> – the troops from McKinney is placed under the command of the Sheriff and will move out this morning - you need not be uneasy as there is no danger of any one being hurt – tell Ezra to

watch the cows and feed oats to the white calf and the calf that Rob went to Rices field and got – the soldiers are marching through town.

Your husband Will

(Papa told me that he rode to the TA ranch with the soldiers.) ESB

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April 12 1892.

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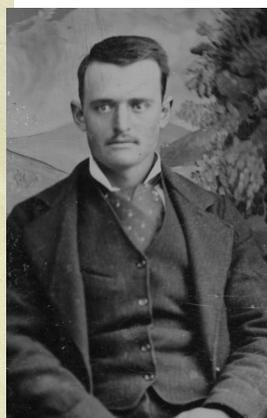
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Your husband Will

Papa told me that he rode to the TA ranch with the soldiers.  
ESB

At left: The original hand written letter as it was typed and signed by Willis' daughter, Elsa Spear Byron.



Willis & Belle Spear about the time of the cattle war. Circa 1890

### Rosa Kendrick's musings

*The following short excerpts were found in a small notebook which had belonged to Rosa Maye Kendrick. She wrote about her maternal grandfather, Charles William Wulfjen and her father, John B. Kendrick. She edited in the margins and between lines, which have been typed in parentheses and italics. The entire transcript can be found in The Wyoming Room at Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library. Note by Judy: Rosa Maye Kendrick also wrote about her experiences traveling around Wyoming with her father when he was campaigning for the gubernatorial race.*

Father's story of his experiences with Grandfather and old ULA Ranch.

He came up the trail as a cowboy working for my Grandfather. (*Left Texas 17 March 1879. 1879 working for \$30 a month and helping to drive a herd of 3000 cattle.*) Grandfather bought on Creek for \$500 or \$600. (*on Running Water Creek, owned buildings, no title to land, paid around \$500.*) Sold it. Father became (*in 1879 as foreman \$40. 1880-\$50. 1881-\$75. In 1884 charge of trail herd \$100.*) foreman, working with Arthur Christian (*who had come up trail with him*) and a cook (*Benjamin Franklin Haile*). He finally prevailed upon my grandfather to allow him to move ranch to Lance Creek (ULA) [*Eula was Charles Wolfjen's daughter. Hence the brand ULA. JS*] where father with his own hands helped hew the logs for cabin, barns and corals. (*1879 sold Grandfather at outset a blue Spanish pony with black bands on his legs. Grandfather hired Father, at first provisionally if one of his men didn't go – then seeing Father determined to go with him or someone else, hired him on the spot.*)

In those days land was not owned by ranchers, but by an unwritten law of the range, the land which surrounded corals owned and built by an outfit entitled owners to brand all mavericks and gathered in surrounding territory. Father worked feverishly building corals... until the area in which the Wulfjen Cattle Ranch was enormous. Before leaving for Texas (*since a boy 15*) father had accumulated a herd of 25 cattle.

(Several pages later.) Father's Story of Rustler War Experiences

During the days of the Rustler War feelings ran high. Men carried guns, either six shooters, or, if they wished to play doubly safe, a Winchester strapped on the saddle. Father had no wish to be shot down 'like a dog' after his horse had been shot under him so he carried the Winchester. Warnings came to Father through the mail – threats of death; once a tiny coffin with a wooden figure carved within it. Father asked Mother "Do you remember the knock upon our door that came in the middle of the night?" (*Note in margin - This warning was brought by Bob Wilkerson.*) It was a warning that the cattlemen in the southern part of the state had been seized and were being held by the rustlers. An expedition of ranch owners had set out from Cheyenne, derailed at Orrin Junction, and were camped at the old T.A. Ranch, 30 or 40 miles east [*west*] of Buffalo at which point they were surrounded by rustlers & held virtual prisoners. A runner was sent out by night who reached Buffalo, wired U.S. Govt which sent troops from Fort McKinney. (*Note in margin - The rustlers surrendered to Government troops, were sent to Cheyenne and tried for cattle theft etc.*)

Father organized a band of men to rescue the bedraggled cattlemen. Mr. Cox, Mr. Brewster, Levi Howes, Jo Brown, Nat Humphries, Ed McGee, 12 or 15 cowboys, (*Levi Howes name was crossed out with "now I not sure" written above it.*) but before they assembled to go to the rescue, he sent Arthur Christian to find out the conditions and to report back to him. Arthur brought back word that the rustlers had been taken by Cavalry Troops sent from Fort McKinney and were under arrest. This intervention on the part of Government Authority probably saved the most of the prominent cattlemen of the state from extermination.

During the rustler disturbance, cattlemen who had been threatened by the rustlers, 'laid low'. It was a paradox how erstwhile 'bad men' discarded their weapons and ventured forth unarmed or not at all. With the obvious to let it be known they were not taking sides. Peace loving individuals, on the other hand, went forth when they had too, armed to the teeth.

Father said he doubted if John Winterling (*Note in margin - Winterling, foreman of the Leiter Ranches at \$5000 a year – (not for publication) but it was said he remained indoors with drawn blinds.*) ever left the ranch during the whole month. Father, on the other hand, went about his business as usual; only he took precaution to avoid the traveled roads. Three (*round up*) wagons were running at that time and in going from one to the other he departed without letting his destination be known and struck out into the hills.

On one occasion he was returning to the ranch with T B Hoard. As they were approaching Deep Creek, riding down 76 they noticed a rider on horseback on the opposite ridge. This rider behaved peculiarly. He seemed to be watching them, stopping his horse frequently, but never allowing them to come up to him. Father had often wondered what his reaction would be if ever he was confronted with an ambush man bent on his destruction. He passed his test that day. As he and Mr. Hoard dipped down into Deep Creek they were following a trail down a wash, (narrow & deep) which disgorged them suddenly at the bottom of the draw. Father was riding ahead and just as the walls of the wash fell away and the view of the creek bottom was unobstructed, he saw a man lying prone behind his horse, waiting as he supposed, to kill him. Quicker than thought came Father's action: with one hand he threw his horse back on his haunches thus removing the only part of horse or rider that had been exposed back behind the protective wall of the wash. With the other hand he jerked his gun from his scabbard and was ready for the encounter in less than an instant.

At this juncture the assumed foe awoke and hailed them good naturedly. He was trailing a herd of cattle bound for regions farther north and west. Having lost track of the herd and having searched for long hours in the sun he was resting and catching a bit of a nap in the shade of a big cottonwood tree that stands today. A lucky thing for him he awoke when he did.

On another occasion the ranchman and chore boy, Bruce Cooper, (whose wife was doing the cooking) came to Father as soon as he was up in the morning with this story: He said just after daybreak when he got up he noticed the milk calves bunched in peculiar fashion not far from the little side gate at the end of the walk that heads to (what was then) the door of Mother's & Father's room. The calves seem to be gathered out of curiosity staring at some unaccustomed object. Shortly thereafter, attracted by a sound, Bruce Cooper looked in time to see a man leap into his saddle and ride like mad away from the gate, his speed accelerating with the increasing distance. Father said casually "Probably a Cheyenne Indian" and kept all suspicions to himself. From subsequent rumors he always thought this early visitor to be one "Jumbo" McKenzie, a brutish big man who was admittedly 'out to get' Father. It was assumed that McKenzie had posted himself by the gate during the night and while waiting for the appearance of his victim had fallen asleep. On awakening he found daylight had overtaken him and made his get-away before he could be recognized.

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Also, found in the BIG HORN PIONEER book in the Eckerson family history: Bill Eckerson was with several hundred other men who played a minor part in the "Johnson County Cattle War." He was at the TA Ranch at the surrender as were several other Big Horn men, some of whom carried guns of men who stayed at home. *[Several men stayed home around Big Horn to protect the women & children. These folks sent guns and ammunition with others so they were "represented" in the fight. JS]*

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At left: The town of Buffalo, Wyoming during the Johnson County Cattle War. Many of us knew Floyd Bard (1879-1962) who lived in Big Horn — he is the boy at center right who is kicking up dirt. Floyd's father was running a café in Buffalo at this time. Soldiers are lining the street (foreground). It is noted that this photo was taken during Nate Champion's funeral. He was killed on April 9, 1892 by the hit men hired by the large cattle ranchers.



Circa 1890

This glass negative image is from the William Wallace Sackett family collection (LeRoy's family). It is labeled

**#4 Soldiers going past our house.**

This would be south and west of the town of Big Horn. The Sackett's home was located south of the white church. (over the years other owners were James Reece, Middlebrooks, Norwoods and Geislars -JS)

## Transitions in the Changing West

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC LEGACY OF JESSAMINE SPEAR JOHNSON



Jessamine with her horse at the X4 Ranch, Kirby, Montana, 1920. Annabelle Johnson Moody, photographer

by Tempe Johnson Javitz

**F**rom the moment Jessamine Spear's mother, Belle, put a camera in her eleven-year-old daughter's hands, a new frontier revealed itself and set in motion Jessamine's future as a skillful observer of her time and place. Photographer Jessamine Spear Johnson (1886–1978) was born and raised in a period of great change in the American West. During her time spent on ranches in northeastern Wyoming and southeastern Montana in the early twentieth century, she witnessed—and captured on film—radical transitions in the landscape, agriculture, transportation, and women's roles. Through the camera's lens, Johnson watched as the last of the open range was fenced, grasslands were plowed under for hay, and automobiles became common sights on the roads and fields. She recorded nearby Native American communities, particularly the tribal nations of the Crow and Cheyenne people as they adapted to life on the reservations. A master of her craft, Johnson

Tempe's article was published in the Winter 2019 issue of MONTANA - The Magazine of Western History. It is an excellent and educational article about her grandmother Jessamine and the ranching history of not only southern Montana but also our Big Horn area. (Jessamine was Elsa Spear Byron's sister.) It is available at Sheridan Stationery. Thank you again, Tempe, for sharing!

**FYI: Jessamine's mother (Virginia Belle Benton Spear) and father (Willis M. Spear) are featured on page 2. The letter was written from Willis to Belle during the Johnson County Cattle War.**

*Unless otherwise indicated, all photographs are by Jessamine Spear Johnson and have been reproduced with permission from the Johnson family and the X4 LLC, Helena, Montana.*



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HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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BIG HORN WY 82833

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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor



This is negative #35, taken March 1932, from box 34, Cloud Peak Mining Co. cabin, Edleman Trail. This winter photograph was taken by Jessamine Spear Johnson and shared by her granddaughter, Tempe Johnson Javitz. (Courtesy of the Johnson family and the X4 LLC, Helena, MT.) See more about Jessamine in this issue.



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**PO BOX 566**  
**Big Horn WY 82833**

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**MARCH 2020**

**WE USUALLY MEET THE 4TH SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**NOT THE LAST SUNDAY - NEXT MEETING MARCH 22**

**Meetings are held at BIG HORN WOMAN'S CLUB.**

**Carry In Pot Luck Lunch starting at 1:00 with Program to follow about 2:00.**

## **LIFE OF THE TIE HACK**

**By Dave McKee**

Dave McKee will present a program entitled "Life of the Tie Hack: Historic Logging Camps in Southern Wyoming". In the early 1900s Carbon Timber Company established logging camps along the high elevation tributaries of the North Platte River to produce railroad ties for the country's rapidly expanding railroad system. The central character in these operations was the "Tie Hack" who lived in the mountain camps and used the broad axe to hand cut railroad ties. Dave will use historic photographs and results of archaeological investigations to present a picture of a year in the life of the tie hacks and historic logging operations.



Dave recently completed a 32-year career with the U.S. Forest Service as an archaeologist, tribal liaison, and recreation program manager. He worked on the Bighorn, Black Hills, and Medicine Bow-Routt National Forests. Dave received a Masters' degree in anthropology with an emphasis in northwest plains archaeology from the University of Wyoming.



Sheridan  
Community  
LAND TRUST

**The Sheridan Community Land Trust's  
 Historical Education VISTA representative  
 Carrie Edinger will be presenting a virtual tour of the  
 Black Diamond Trail at the HUB  
 March 16 @ 10:30 AM**

**To check on meeting cancellations CALL: MIKE @ (307)751-2482  
 OR POLLY @ (307) 674-6107 OR listen to  
 KROE / view Sheridan Media website**





### Wyoming Notes: (found on the WSHS 1985 calendar)

- 1899- Last wild buffalo in Wyoming shot near Gillette.
- 1877- Susan B. Anthony visited Cheyenne.
- 1872- Territorial penitentiary completed in Laramie.
- 1880- Cheyenne Club incorporated.



### The Sheridan Post ~ May 20, 1897 ~ an advertisement ~

Frackelton, The Dentist claims:

“Ugly Women Made Handsome”

“Homely, black, spotted, decayed teeth make many handsome women repulsive, while clean well cared for teeth make many homely women positively fascinating. Did you ever stop to think that the teeth were the first part of a person you looked at, and continued to during conversation?”



Above: 1890 ~ George T. Beck. (Beckton was named after him.) when he served in the last Territorial Legislature.

Some of you may remember this series of articles from 2013, featuring the James Gang... and other new members might enjoy reading some of our older local news. We do have other pioneer family histories that mention the gang members & I will try to research those for upcoming newsletters. JS

In 2013, the granddaughter of George T. Beck, Betty Jane Gerber, visited Sheridan and shared several pages of Mr. Beck's life stories (only those years he spent in Sheridan County - the complete work was given to Cody. However, I have not seen it published as of March 2020.) The work was typed and in chronological chapters. This chapter was titled “A Night at Big Piney Creek”. It will be printed in several newsletters. We think you will find it fascinating. George was a respected businessman across WY. (More about Elisha (some knew him as Lisha) Terrill - in upcoming newsletters. JS)

(Date: 1878) Life on Big Goose Creek was beginning to shake down into some kind of a pattern. The weather in late October was still good and might stay that way a little longer.

“Dike, I'm worried that some of the sheep are showing signs of the scab,” said George. “Look at that one scratching over there. I've also seen wool hanging here and there on the sagebrush.” Dike threw his hat in the dust. “Damn! That guarantee sure does a lot of good at this time of year and at this distance from the man who sold them! Well, let's separate the suspects and see if we can control it.”

“In Kentucky they used a dip of nicotine and sulphur – nicotine might halt it until we can get some of both sent in - but where can we get even nicotine quickly?”

Dike retrieved his hat, slapped it against his thigh, and peered sidelong at George through the small cloud of dust. “It won't make you very popular at Ft. McKinney, but when you go for supplies you could buy up all the cigars and tobacco. We'll make a dip and do 'em one by one.”

George returned the glance with a slow smile. “Well, that's the quickest election I've ever been through! I s'pose it makes sense since I've been over the trail once before.” His blue eyes scanned the sky

Continued on page 3...

and mountains. "I only hope I can get back before the weather changes."

The next morning as the sun rose over the bare branches of the cottonwoods, George stepped from the cabin into the sparkling freshness of the new day. His breath made great puffs of white vapor as he lifted his arms high over his head and filled his lungs with pure mountain air. His blood went tingling through his veins. These frosty mornings were exhilarating and he moved quickly to the corral where the horses were kept. He put a pack saddle on the sway-back and fastened a lead rope around his neck. On the other horse he put their one and only saddle and bridle and led them to the cabin where he had his bedroll ready to be tied on behind his saddle.

Dike came to the cabin door to see him off. "So long Dike, I'll be back as soon as possible."

"Don't forget the coffee and lard."

"No I won't – nor the flour, sugar and beans," laughed George. "I've got the list all right here." And he pointed to his head. "And the nicotine, by all means, even if you forget everything else," admonished Dike. George easily swung into the saddle, gathered up the rope of the pack horse and headed for the creek crossing where the willows give off their wild, pungent fragrance. Dike stood at the cabin door watching George send Ben back to the cabin. Together they saw the man in a blue wool shirt and coveralls disappear over the brow of the hill on the trail to the fort. George's curly brown hair was hidden by a rather tall Stetson which accentuated his six foot three athletic frame. There was nothing about his appearance that would easily identify him as a newcomer to the territory. George somehow felt that Dike, being a city boy from Brooklyn, would be doing well to stick it out through the winter. As for George, he was in complete heaven in this beautiful and unspoiled corner of the earth. It was just the kind of place he had always dreamed of. The bigness and majesty of it all inspired and thrilled him.



As he rode along on Buck, his newly acquired steed, he remembered the distinctive song of the meadow lark which sings so sweetly from the sagebrush. The old Scotch tune his mother often sang – "My heart's in the highlands" – also came to mind.

"Yes", he said aloud, "this is where my heart is, in these highlands, and always will be –"

Off to the left he saw several herds of antelope on the prairies. During the day numerous coveys of sage hens rose from the fragrant bushes and suddenly a frightened deer bounded across his path. If I see another one, I'll take it to Elisha as a present, thought George. He's a trapper and hasn't much ammunition. I should take him something as I expect to stay at his cabin tonight. That will make an easy ride into the fort tomorrow. I can get my shopping done and get an early start home the next day. He looked at the sun which was about an hour before going down behind Cloud Peak. Long blue shadows were already beginning to fall on the eastern slopes.

Elisha Terrill was also a fellow Kentuckian. George had come across him when he was bringing the sheep from the south. They had struck up a friendship and Elisha had urged him to stop with him any time he came that way. Elisha had come to the Wyoming Territory at the end of the Civil War and had lived the life of a recluse which was a wild and lonely existence. He passed for a true old western character, fearless, cautious, shrewd and observing. He complained that there were now twenty-six settlers between him and the Montana line, some fifty miles to the north of him. I guess I'm one of them, thought George, but he seems to have accepted me and that must be a compliment. He likes to play chess and so do I and I also like to hear his fishing and hunting stories. I must get him to tell me the whole story of the Wagon-Box fight with the Indians which he took part in. Hm, must have happened just about here on this hill top. Imagine! 32 men standing off Chief Red Cloud's 3000 warriors!!

Continued on page 4....

## OLD PIONEER FRIENDS



The Earl of Portsmouth (at left), Mr. Oliver Wallop on a visit to Wyoming in the 1930s with his old friend George T. Beck. (Beckton Stock Farm.)

The Bozeman Trail came into the territory at Ft. Laramie and went north through the town of Buffalo and on into Montana then turned west. Wagon trains could often be seen off to the east from the trail George traveled along the foothills. The government had built a series of forts along this route and Fort McKinney was the nearest to the Goose Creek ranch.

Elisha rarely mentioned his background except that he had lived near the western border of Kentucky and that he had been wounded in the knee during the Civil War which had left him with a limp. He was a trapper and there was always various skins which he had rubbed with salt and tacked up on the outside of his sod-roofed cabin to dry. After he had a goodly number to make it worth the trip, he would walk many miles to the nearest trading post and turn them in. He would then load upon his back all the supplies he could carry and head for his cabin on Big Piney Creek. Elisha had laboriously built his cabin of pine logs, approximately 15 X 20 feet in size, with one door, a nice big fireplace in which he kept a fire going most of the year. Here he did his cooking. He had made a crude bunk in one corner. There were four stools and a rough table used as a work bench and kitchen table. His wants and desires were simple. There was a fine cold spring which ran off into Big Piney Creek

close by. He had made a box over the spring in which he could keep any food ice cold and away from the prowling night life. He had one firm rule; a guest is welcome and can stay as long as he likes, but he must do the cooking.

“Hey-o, hey-o, is anybody home?” George called as he neared the cabin.

Elisha, a stocky man in his late forties, came from behind the cabin, limping slightly. He had yellowish grey hair down to his shoulders and wore a grey flannel shirt open at the neck and faded well-worn overalls. His pale blue eyes squinted at the figure coming up the trail. “It’s George Beck from Goose Creek, back again. May I spend the night in your domain? I want to redeem my chess game tonight as I remember you won the last round.”

“Good, George. It’s great to have you and I’ll beat you again tonight too!” shouted Elisha. George got off his horse. “Here, I’ve brought you a deer which I shot on the way. Shall we have some tenderloin for dinner? I remember that I’m the chef,” He said laughing.

“Mighty thoughtful of you, George, but I happen to have one which has hung now for a week. You know the meat improves with hanging. We’ll eat mine tonight and have yours on your way back. I s’pose you’re on your way to the fort.”

“Yes, got to get in supplies before the snow flies and I’ve got to get nicotine in some form to make a dip, otherwise my sheep won’t come through the winter.”

Continued on page 5...

“Got the scab, have they?”

“It looks like it and we’ve got to help them quickly – before they lose all their wool and freeze to death.”

“You sure do! I’m glad I’ve only got Old Joe, here, to worry about and to keep me company.” He reached over and patted his dog’s tawny head. They proceeded to get the deer off the pack horse. Elisha was adept with his hunting knife and in no time had the deer skinned, cut up and hung in the tree. While George was watering his horses and picketing them out for the night, Elisha had some fine thick steaks ready for the pan.

“We can’t eat all that,” laughed George.

“You’re the cook, do as many as you want – there are plenty more in the cooler.” George set right to work fixing supper. The steaks were sizzling nicely and his appetite, always a healthy one, was more than ready to be satisfied, as he had not eaten since breakfast. “Come and get it,” he called. Elisha came in with Joe at his heels.

“You’re a good cook, George. I’m tired of my own messes. Ol’ Joe always finishes things off when I just can’t take any more.” Joe lay in front of the fireplace with an expectant look. The men pulled up stools and George handed Elisha his plate. Joe put his head on his paws to wait his turn. He began to growl – a low, listening sort of sound.

It was dark by now. George heaped more wood on the fire to give them light to eat by. Joe gave another low growl punctuated by a couple of short woofs. “What’s the matter, Joe?” asked Elisha. “You’ll get some supper pretty soon.” Joe growled again, his ears erect and listening. “He must hear something,” said Elisha. They were in the midst of enjoying the delicious meat when the sound of approaching horses could be heard. George knew that the Indians were pretty well under control in the area and besides he didn’t think they would ride up on horses.

Elisha, by force of habit, picked up his old carbine and went to the cabin door. He quickly stepped into the darkness outside and closed the door behind him. Joe caught inside was barking vociferously. Someone called Elisha’s name. George could hear only low voices. They stood outside and talked a few minutes then Elisha came in followed by six well-armed men.

“George, we have guests for supper. There’ll be three more as soon as they picket the horses.” Whew! That makes nine plus the two of us- quite a cabin full, George thought as he got up eyeing the newcomers. The firelight didn’t aid him much. He put his plate on the mantel beside Elisha’s and went back for some more steaks to fry. Fortunately Elisha had more sour dough which he quickly put into a big dutch oven and handed George another large skillet.

“Here, George, you’ll need both of these for this crowd.”

One of the party, a negro, came over to assist and produced the necessary utensils out of a saddle bag which he had in tow. George was wondering just how they were going to handle this bunch, because Elisha certainly was not equipped to take care of such a great number of friends. George thought it was odd that it should have happened the one night that he was there. As he backed away from the heat of the fire, he began to get a closer look at the guests. Who were they? There were no introductions. He knew better than to expect any, but he certainly was curious. Elisha seemed to know the two or three who did most of the talking and he seemed glad to see them.

“Can we talk in front of your friend, here?” asked the tallest and probably the oldest one, nodding in George’s direction. “Sure, Buck, he’s also a Kentuckian and I’ll vouch for him. He’s got a new sheep ranch north o’ here and he’s on his way to Buffalo and the fort for supplies.” (to be continued in April...)



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THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor



THANK YOU TO OUR WONDERFUL VOLUNTEERS !! Left to right: Mary Kuzara, Diane and Gene Caiola, JoAnn Gill, Mary Moore, Loretta Owen and Barbara Niner. Also, we want to thank Lu Reeves, Gayla Rowley and Lenora Scott and all the others who pitch in and help !!

PLEASE NOTE: we are asking for one or two volunteers to help with the monthly newsletter mailing. Gene wishes to retire after May. He has been mailing the newsletter since about 2014. You may contact Mona or Judy if you can PLEASE help us. THANKS GENE FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK !! and

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO HELP US THROUGHOUT THE YEAR !!



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**APRIL 2020**

**THE BOARD HAS DECIDED TO CANCEL THE APRIL AND MAY MEETINGS**

We hope to reconvene in the fall !!!

However, the newsletters will be sent in April and May to help keep a spirit of togetherness.

Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!



Bill Gollings is the man - third from left. Does anyone recognize the other folks in this photograph? It was taken by Jessamine Spear Johnson. Her granddaughter, Tempe Johnson Javits is asking for our help. Funny side note: The man with the large hat is holding a pistol. You may send us a letter or email...thank you!!

**DONATIONS FOR THE MT. HOPE CEMETERY** ~ The Cemetery Board is requesting donations to assist with replacing the old roof. We greatly appreciate all the donations and help in 2019. We were able to fix the fence and purchase a new lawn mower.

*We do not receive funds from the county or the state. We are a non profit corporation in Wyoming.*

Steve Bourne and his veteran friends place flags on every veteran's grave for Memorial Day weekend. We have approximately 100 veterans. Thank you for your kindness!!!

Please make YOUR tax deductible donations to : BHCHS - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833

Memo on check: Mt. Hope Cemetery Fund (BHCHS is honored to assist with cemetery improvements.)

***We are happy to announce that the Big Horn Lions Club has taken on the lawn mowing task as one of their community service projects. THANK YOU SO MUCH TO EACH OF YOU WHO HELP WITH THIS WORK !!!!***

Mt. Hope Cemetery Board ~ Paul Garber, Richard Garber, Mona Brown, Dennis Reher, John Berry & Judy Slack



*In 2013, the granddaughter of George T. Beck, Betty Jane Gerber, visited Sheridan and shared several pages of Mr. Beck's life stories (only those years he spent in Sheridan County - the complete work was given to Cody. However, I have not seen it published as of March 2020.) The work was typed and in chronological chapters. This chapter was titled "A Night at Big Piney Creek". It will be printed in several newsletters. We think you will find it fascinating. George was a respected businessman across WY. (More about Elisha (some knew him as Lisha) Terrill - in upcoming newsletters. JS) CONTINUED FROM MARCH 2020 NEWSLETTER... "A Night at Big Piney Creek" By George T. Beck:*

George looked closely at this man. His face was long with a wide forehead, square and massive about the jaw and chin. He seemed sober and sedate. Probably the brains of the outfit – a man of about thirty-eight or forty.

"Well, you keep your mouth dam well shut about anything you've seen here tonight, young fella," said the younger man and the handsomest of the crowd. This one had blue eyes, clear and penetrating, which were never at rest. His manner was reckless, yet his voice was forceful and commanding when speaking. "We don't stand any monkey business." "Take it easy Gus," Elisha said emphatically.

Finally everyone had his fill and the talk was general: how was their cabin coming along on Little Goose Creek? Had they seen much of Wyoming Territory? Both Buck and Gus said they were leaving soon to try to persuade their wives to come back here with them. Then Gus said, "We've still got some unfinished business back home ---"

As if to hurriedly change the subject, the heavy-set man they called Cole, spoke up, "We should tell 'Lisha what happened today." George guessed that the two younger fellows who stuck close to him might be his younger brothers as they were all built along the same lines. The other three men made very little impression – they had nothing to say – they were the silent ones.

"Yeah," chuckled Gus, "we just had to teach old Frank Grouard, a scout down at the fort, a thing or two. He thinks he's the guardian of the law in these parts and he's bragged that he'll get us. Well, we couldn't let him get away with this. No indeed! He needed this lesson." Much derisive laughter. Buck took up the story. "We sent Bud and Donny to set out some tents down on the west end of Lake DeSmet, then Bud went in to Buffalo and told a fella at the saloon to get the word to Grouard that we were there. It worked like a charm. We waited for them a mile or so up the stream that runs into the lake. Sure 'nuf ol' Grouard came belting right out with a troop of cavalry behind him and they skirted along the hills, then came down the crick expecting to trap us."

Cole added with a gleam in his eye, "But we were there and surprised them in ambush. They knew it was sheer folly to whip out their guns as we had them covered. Not a shot was fired. Buck and Gus then issued their ultimatum –" "Yeah," said Buck, "we told them that we had arranged this meeting, that we had a place on Little Goose Creek and we expected to be left alone." Cole broke in, "The best was last when you told them that if he ever came over Massacre Hill after us again he would never go back." More guffaws.

Elisha sat quietly thinking this over, then he spoke. "I hoped you fellas would come up here in God's country and settle down and bring your families. Now you've got a good location. Begin to raise something. This wondering, rootless kind of life can't last forever. People will soon be comin' in here in droves when the word gets out what a perfect country this is. You might as well be in on the ground floor." "Well, Elisha, it's like this," said Buck, "We've been out of circulation now for some time and I know I want to get back to my wife and kid and so does Gus. If we can persuade them to come back with us maybe we'll be droppin' in on yu' again. Some of the guys" and he swept his hand in the direction of the silent ones, "are all for goin' to see what Canada is like – maybe there'd be a better chance to start again there. I jus' dunno--!" "I still maintain we've got some unfinished business back in Missouri to attend to," said Gus emphatically. It was now getting late. Country people go to bed soon after dark and are up at sunrise. George got his blankets and prepared to go to sleep near the door, when the handsome one with the commanding voice said, "Young fella, you sleep over there in that corner," and he pointed it out with a tiptoe middle finger. "I don't know who you are to tell me where I shall sleep, but I intend to sleep right here," said George with equal force.

"Better put your bed roll over there, George," said Elisha hastily, sensing that the clash of wills had to be head-

ed off quickly as both young men were ready to defend their rights as they saw them. George really felt that the bunch were the intruders and he resented their dictating in another's cabin. However, as long as Elisha, his host, had asked him to comply, he would do so. At any rate it gave him a better place to watch the proceedings from his corner. Under pretense of being asleep he watched carefully as Gus designated where each one would sleep. The last two slept with their boots firmly against the one and only door and cocked their guns and laid them beside them. George realized he was sleeping with some unusual bedfellows and this was their nightly routine. Then he knew he was staying in peculiar company. The night was getting cold and one of the younger men banked the coals and put on more heavy wood which would be ready to start quickly in the morning. Elisha slept on a long sack which he kept filled with fragrant pine tips – the only special consideration he ever gave himself. The rest of the men slept on the well tamped earthen floor. The small cabin seemed stuffy. An earthy smell was inextricably blended with leather, horse sweat and tobacco which mixed with the virile odor of hard riding men. Every inch of space seemed to be occupied. Even Ol' Joe found it hard to settle down in his usual spot near the fire. In thinking over the events of the evening, George remembered the saying: 'Whom the gods shall destroy, they first make mad.' He was well aware that he had a temper when aroused and was glad that he had been able to control his on this occasion, for he sensed that these fellow meant what they said and had the means to enforce it. If not today – tomorrow.

The sound of pack rats running over the roof trying to get in where it was warm and coyotes baying off in the distance, lulled his senses to sleep. Soon the snores of sleeping and tired men filled the little cabin.

As dawn began to appear there was movement among the forms rolled in blankets. The guards at the door uncocked their guns, sat up, yawning and stretching. The Negro got up and put light wood on the fire and stirred the embers which quickly gave a heartening blaze. Men reached for their boots – the only thing they had removed. One by one they left the cabin to make their morning toilet. Several were squatting on the bank of the creek splashing ice cold water on their faces. All looked presentable when they met around the fireplace once more. The Negro had a large pot of coffee boiling and cups lined up on the table. Elisha had more sour dough baking and liver frying in the pans.

"Lisha, I do envy you," said Buck. "You seem to have found peace for your soul and that's more than any of us can say. Since Civil War days we've been forced to keep on the go. I hoped this move here might be the answer, but most of the fellas are restless and besides I don't think my wife would like this lonesome existence – even here we're not exactly accepted."

"By the way," asked Elisha, "whatever became of the man up on the Tongue River who was determined to rouse the people in this area to chase you out?"

"Oh, we just drove off his horses, a few at a time, and the last two he kept in a lean-to attached to his cabin. We drove them off also – he just faded away, looking for them, I guess. Anyhow he hasn't bothered us for several months now. I think he went to Nebraska or Dakota. At least he knew the climate wasn't too healthy around here for him." Again much laughter as they took delight in their successes.

"Well, old timer, guess we must be going. Thanks a lot for letting us come by to say we're on our way-somewhere." The Negro had collected and washed the plates and cups and put them into the saddle bag. Each one got up from his blanket roll on which he'd been sitting and shook hands with Elisha. The handsome man turned to George and said, "I hope Lisha will tell you our story some day. Just wait here for half an hour – we'll water your horses – then you can be on your way. You're a friend of Lisha's and we trust you to keep faith with him and no harm will come to you. It's good to meet another man from Kentucky."

The silent ones had brought the horses around to the front of the cabin. All were busy checking their cinches and tying on their bedrolls, then one by one they mounted.

"So long, old friend," they called to Elisha and a wave and "So long" to George. Elisha and George went back into the cabin to wait the requested half hour. "It's a darn shame how the lives of those young men were ruined," Elisha almost shouted. "They're really not half bad at the core, but circumstances have forced them into this life of the hunted and the lawless."

“I wish you’d tell me about them – I’m certainly curious,” admitted George.

“I imagine you were too young to know much about the Civil War,” began Elisha. “There were a good many of us whose sympathies were with the South but our states decided to be neutral. These were the border states, such as Kentucky and Missouri and others. This bunch that came here last night were the Jesse and Frank James brothers, Cole Younger and his two brothers, Bud and Donny Pence, relatives of the James boys, Bill Wilkerson and Joab Perry, the colored boy who is the cook.”

“At the beginning of the war when young men were jumping into the fray without too much thought, Frank and I joined up with the Quantrill outfit which operated on their own as raiders during the war. We tried to make it as hard as possible for the Federal forces by blowing up bridges, cutting telegraph lines, wrecking trains and in general confusing the enemy. I’ll tell you, it was a thrilling occupation!

The Quantrill men were well known for their recklessness and dash. We had sympathetic and supporting friends in the countryside. Jesse, the one we call Gus, joined us in ’63 when he was a lad of seventeen. He must be now about 32 or 33.” There was a long pause as Elisha thought over those days.

“When we got home after the war we found that there were no rules of war or amnesty that applied to us. We were outcasts.” “That certainly left a lot of people adrift to get into trouble,” George said.

“You’re right, it was not the way to handle the situation. When the radicals took over the local governments, I saw the handwriting on the wall so I came on out to the west. I worked my way from fort to fort as a civilian employee – sometimes cutting wood, sometimes driving teams. That was how I was in the Wagon Box Fight with Captain Powell. That was my last battle. After that the Indians were pretty quiet and I found this place and I decided this would be my home from now on. The other fellas went back home to find that their families were constantly threatened by the radicals in power and it was unsafe for them to remain at home. For instance, the James boy’s mother was imprisoned, their home was burned and their stepfather strung up. They swore they’d track down and get rid of everyone connected with the dastardly acts. Then Cole Younger’s father, Col. Henry Younger, was murdered and Cole twice narrowly escaped capture and the two younger sons saw it was impossible to live at home in peace. They were so ill-treated that they were afraid to stay.”

“Here it is thirteen years later,” George pondered, “wouldn’t you think some sensible solution could have been worked out by now and stop all these hold-ups and crimes?”

“I s’pose I should have stayed and helped solve the problems of reconstruction,” Elisha said. “Life is a matter of choices and if you make the wrong one, you’ll sure know about it. I guess at was for the best that I came on out here, at least from my point of view – anyhow – it was my choice – but now I wish I could help these fellas get a new start. It’s a wicked shame to see what kind of a life they’ve been forced into.” He pounded his big fist hard into the palm of his other hand.

“Do you think they’ll come back here and settle down if they go back to Missouri now?”

“It’s hard to say. I’ve heard that they’ve both been badly wounded several times but have always hidden until they recovered. They’ve been very quiet here – probably recuperating.”

“Well do I know the activities of the Radicals in Congress at the end of the Civil War,” said George. “I was eleven when my father was elected to Congress and at that time they did their best to keep him and other Kentuckians from taking their seats as the Radicals said that Kentucky had taken a very questionable stand during the war and that they probably favored the South. However, after several months of investigation, they couldn’t find any evidence and my father and the rest from Kentucky were finally seated. Strangely enough, he was then appointed to the powerful Reconstruction Committee which was headed by Thaddeus Stevens, one of the leaders of the Radicals, probably thinking he was such a junior member, he’d never stand up to them. My father has spent the last ten years battling to bring the South back into the Union on an equal footing – it’s been an uphill fight all the way with the Radicals. Father felt the South must be brought back into the Union and not held down and humiliated as that was the only way a strong Union could be fully realized again.”

“Well, there you are,” said Elisha, “we’ve looked at two ends of the picture.” Elisha shook his grizzled head

sadly. "I guess the time is up, you'd best be on your way now. I know you will be hurrying along to get back to those sheep who need you. I'll be looking for you to stop any time you come this way and we'll have that game of chess. So long, my young friend."

Buck's hooves struck softly in the ruffled earth of the trail where a night-time shower had obliterated the passing marks of the night before. At the fork of the trails he could see where the big group had turned sharply north. It was a thoughtful young man who then turned south to get on with the business at hand.

The James group soon came back and built a house on Little Goose Creek. In the basement they made openings among the logs so they could see who was approaching and give a warning shot or two. Once in a while they would stop by my place for a little chat. After about a year they left quietly and went back to Missouri to attend to "their unfinished business."

Sometime later I heard that Jessie had been killed by one of his own gang. It is a sad and little understood story.

(NOTE from the editor: The Younger Boys were imprisoned in 1876. These men could have been another group that Frank & Jesse were involved with in the late 1870s. No official records can be found of these men serving in the military nor riding with the Quantrill men. The black man was most likely a former slave who belonged to Redman Wilfley in southern Missouri (this was Bear Davis' uncle). He was known to the Hilman - Davis family as "N\_\_\_\_\_ John" and on June 11, 1879 was recognized by Aunt Jenny Davis as she crossed Little Goose Creek. It was known that he rode with the James Gang. More can be found in the BIG HORN PIONEERS book (Page 5). This is another sighting of the James boys in northern Wyoming Territory. And other pioneer families have noted the James Gang dugouts and "cabin" that had been built near Little Goose. Mr. Beck was a notable and honorable citizen in Sheridan and Cody. Not many newspapers in the region at the time so Mr. Beck was most likely in the dark about these men and took Elisha's word on their identity. They were obviously someone who were to be feared and knew how to be on guard during the night. Elisha most likely was trying to protect the innocent (Mr. Beck) along with the guilty (the James Gang). Side Note: George mentions the "tipless middle finger" which Jesse James was missing. We will continue our research on Elisha and his acquaintances. JS



**MAURINE BADGETT had emergency surgery on April 5th.**

**Please send Maurine a Get Well card to Sheridan Memorial Hospital**

**1401 West 5th St. Sheridan WY 82801**



This Confederate States Of America Ten Dollar bill was found in the Sackett Collection. This is numbered "35763". It was found in a wallet that was carried in the Civil War by P. A. Gatchell, father of Jim Gatchell (Jim married Ursula Sackett from Big Horn. She was the daughter of John & Martha Sackett.)



Website: [bighorncity.org](http://bighorncity.org)

BIG HORN CITY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PO BOX 566  
BIG HORN WY 82833

## FIRST CLASS MAIL

### ANNUAL

#### MEMBERSHIP DUES:

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)



Circa late 1930s. The house located on the corner just north of the Last Chance Bar. Vic Powers built the grocery store/bar next to this house - just north and east on the corner. (He might have also built this house.) Vic and Margaret Powers ran the business then later sold it to the Brodericks.

Photo courtesy of Pat Powers Ward.



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
PO BOX 566  
Big Horn WY 82833

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**MAY 2020**

**THE BOARD HAS DECIDED TO CANCEL THE APRIL AND MAY MEETINGS**

We hope to reconvene in the fall !!!

However, the newsletters will be sent in April and May to help keep a spirit of togetherness.

Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!

**My goal is to continue to compile material on the James Gang. I do have some pages that can be found in our OP Hanna book that was published in 2018 along with stories from the Big Horn Pioneer book that Grandma Garber published. There are a few other news articles that are lengthy. If anyone is interested in all that I have found, please contact me. Tom Harper and I plan to visit a camp site on his ranch this spring that was used by the gang in early years. It is located near the Elisha Terrill cabin that was mentioned in the George Beck story. This photo was recently found in the Harper collection when Tom was cleaning out a closet after his father passed away. It is the only photo we have found of Elisha. If anyone has other references to the James Gang being in northern Wyoming, I would greatly appreciate seeing your research. Thank you !! JS**



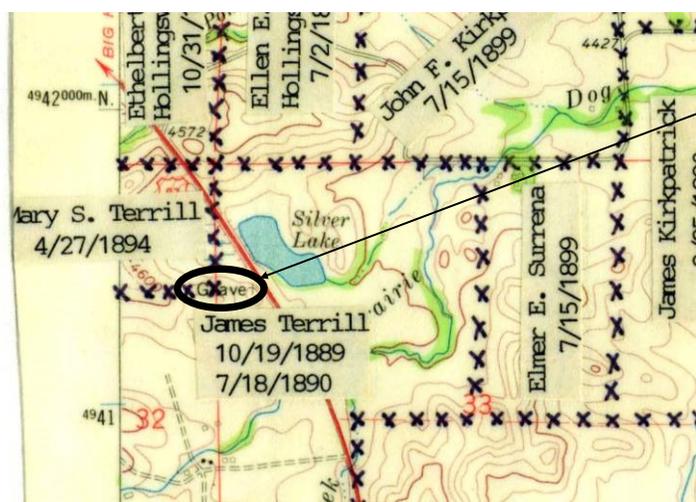
Above: Photo of Joe Harper's house in 1896. Left to Right: on horse~Mariam Mascher, Joe Harper, Mrs. Joe Harper, Elisha Terrill (sitting by house), Floyd Harper, Ray Harper, Clyde Harper and Fred Harper. Near Banner, Wyoming. Courtesy of Tom Harper whose maternal great grandfather was Charles Skinner who built the Big Horn Mercantile in 1882.

### *The Jackson Family*

Mr. William Edward Jackson was born in Indiana on March 7, 1843. He came to Big Horn on June 10, 1880. His wife, two daughters and one son accompanied him here, and they first settled on what is now the Goelet Gallatin Ranch, where they lived in a tent. Because of early storms in the mountains they were unable to get their house logs out. A friend told them of a cabin which was being left vacant by the James Brothers. This cabin was located on the bank of what is now Jackson Creek about two hundred yards from the present school. The following summer the logs were removed from the mountains and Mr. Jackson built a two-room cabin across the creek. As they were the first family to live on the creek, it was named Jackson Creek.

Mention of the James Gang can be found in THE BIG HORN PIONEER, in both the Jackson (at left) & Davis Family chapters.

At right:  
Frank James  
(1898)  
Source WWW



ELISHA TERRILL'S grave site as marked on the USGS map. (see oval at left) The grave was located on the west side of Highway 87 just a half mile north of the Banner Store.

The article below was found on page 879 in the Sheridan County Heritage Book. We have not been able to confirm his involvement at the Wagon Box.

### **ELISHA S. TERRILL**

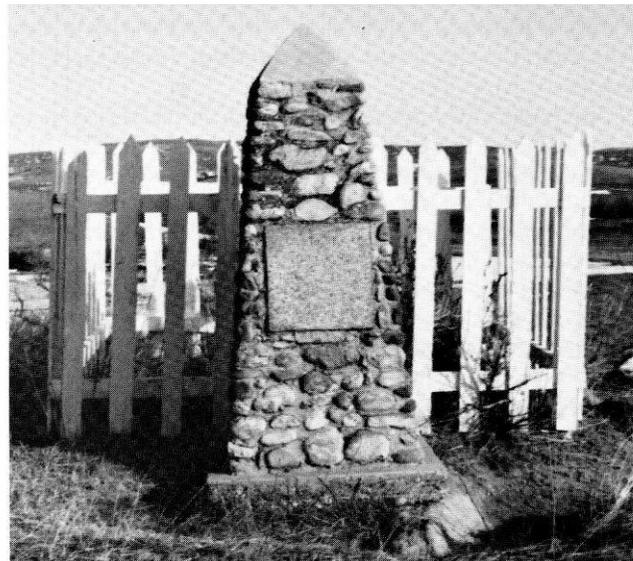
by Bea Hutson

A scout for Custer and Bozeman! He was born in Kentucky in 1827, his parents were both natives of Virginia. In 1850 he followed the gold rush to California and mined there for several years. From California he spent time in Montana. He was with the Bozeman Expedition in 1864. Before 1870 he served as sheriff and county clerk of Gallatin County, Montana.

In 1879 he came to Wyoming and located on a ranch just north of Banner. A few years later he turned it over to his younger brother James.

Uncle "Lash", as he was called, spent a lot of time prospecting in the Big Horn Mountains. It is said that he was the first to discover gold in the cement beds at Bald Mountain and he worked there for several years.

As far as we know Mr. Terrill never married. In December of 1894 he took over as postmaster at Banner. He built a one-room house on his brother's place to house the post office. Elisha passed away on January 19, 1897 at the age of 70, after being ill for several weeks.



The grave of Elisha S. Terrill sits on a hill overlooking Silver Lake, about a half mile north of Banner.

About ten years before his death he marked a spot on the ranch he once owned, where he wanted to be buried. His wishes were fulfilled and the whole neighborhood turned out to pay their last respects to a good neighbor and friend. O. P. Hanna pronounced Mr. Terrill to have been one of the most fearless and yet most companionable men he had known.



One of the James Gang dugouts was located under the "S curve" as Big Horn-ites used to call it. The dugout was carved into the tall bank of Little Goose Creek. It was destroyed during one of the recent highway construction projects. We have another photo where it can be seen, dated 'winter 1883-84' (see below). The house at right in both photos was known as the Wagner residence. It still stands today.

**BIG HORN CITY, JOHNSON COUNTY, WYOMING TERRITORY 1884.**

From left: Sawmill(?), Oriental Hotel, Sawmill (?), Big Horn Mercantile, Last Chance Saloon, Woodley Blacksmith Shop and Wagner residence. The James Gang dugout is located in the creek bank near the center. Prior and during the settling of the town, the infamous James Gang and other outlaws frequented old hideouts located in the Little Goose Valley. Two dugouts were located close together near the town. The second one is out of view but was located north of the fence (per Leroy Sackett). (BHCHS-BTM) [ These photos can be found in our Big Horn City book published in 2011. ]

James Gang Dugout



While doing research on George Ostrom during WWI, I came across the following about the 1918 FLU. The wheels of history keep turning. I thought I would recap here. Main source: WY Newspaper Project. The 1918 influenza pandemic was caused by an H1N1 virus with genes of avian origin. It is estimated that about 500 million people or one-third of the world's population became infected with this virus. The number of deaths was estimated to be at least 50 million worldwide with about 675,000 occurring in the United States. (Found on the CDC worldwide website.) Information below was found on the Wyoming History.org website. It was written by Phil Roberts. & is paraphrased: *In Wyoming, the flu started in the fall of 1918 and ended worldwide in approximately December 1920. From October 1918 through January 1919, 780 people died statewide...for Wyoming, - the flu was deadlier than the war (WWI): Around 11,000 Wyoming men served in the war; about 500 of them died...Strong evidence now appears to show the epidemic began in the United States... In the U.S., this flu was first reported in Haskell County, Kan., spread from there with army recruits to Camp Funston, Kansas...Though at the time it was called the Spanish Influenza or more often Spanish flu, the epidemic did not begin in Spain. King Alfonso XIII of Spain fell gravely ill after the flu was widely reported in Madrid in May 1918... The king recovered, but the name "Spanish influenza," stuck.*

*"Similar mentions were made in reports from superintendents in Platte; Sheridan; Sweetwater; and Uinta county: Our schools were in session but one month when we closed on account of influenza. We have not opened yet."*

### **Some towns resort to quarantines**

*Because reports from other area towns told of the dire consequences of the disease, some towns managed to escape widespread influenza by imposing quarantines and cancelling public events before the disease made its appearance. In October, the town council of Kemmerer quickly imposed a quarantine. There can be little doubt that our good fortune is due to the prompt and wise action taken by the Town officials and the local health officers when the epidemic first became prevalent in Evanston, a Kemmerer editor noted, but added that it was not without economic consequences. Local businesses suffered, many "being entirely closed on account of the restrictions," the editor concluded. This pattern was repeated in towns throughout the state. Cokeville authorities imposed a quarantine in late October, and warned visitors from other towns to stay away. As the Cokeville Register reported on Nov. 2: City Health Officer Madera requested that other towns make sure no tickets to Cokeville be sold. Richard Roberts, the newspaper reported, was appointed a special officer, to impose a three-day quarantine on anyone arriving from outside the town. Some residents began wearing gauze masks when moving around the town. As late as Jan. 8, 1919, reports continued on the deaths caused by influenza. A Thermopolis paper noted: "Entering the home of a neighbor a few days ago J. B. Baer, of Ismay, found the farmer and his wife with two children lying dead in their beds, a third child dying on the floor. All were victims of influenza. The last child died shortly after he had been taken to another ranch for treatment. Indications showed that the entire family had been stricken together and had died partly from starvation, being unable to help each other." Church sermons were published in the newspapers during the quarantine.*

I vaguely remember hearing that Sheridan County lost over 30 folks but have not been able to verify. JS

### **The following was found in the *Big Horn Pioneer* from the Aunt Jenny Davis Chapter:**

The wagon train crossed Little Goose Creek at the lower crossing the 11<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1879. At the point of crossing, were the James Brothers' dugouts. In the corral there were 300 stolen horses.

My mother was the first to cross the creek. The strong current whipped the mules around and it was a hopeless situation, until a Negro came out of a dugout, realized what had happened, and went into the dugout and returned with a lariat. He threw the loop over the mule's neck, climbed on a saddle horse, and helped the first wagon across. Grandfather had heard of Nigger John and called him by name, but received no response.

The wagon train moved on and camped in a circle where the present-day Women's Club building is. That night Nigger John came to Grandfather's wagon and talked with him in secrecy because the James Gang were going to shoot him if they knew. Nigger John in Southern Missouri had belonged to Grandfather's uncle, Redman Wolfly, the father of Mrs. Bell Bales. During the Civil War, Nigger John ran away and joined the James Gang. Nigger John left saying goodbye and telling Grandfather to put the mules inside of the circle because the gang was planning to take them and leave. After Nigger John left, the men took down four or six end-gates and placed them on the ground for a platform, and with Grandfather playing the violin, a full night of dancing progressed. But before the dancing started, Grandfather announced that this was as far as he was going. The rest of the train could do what they wished. Aunt Jenny and the family raised the dickens, as they wanted to go to Oregon.

Grandfather settled the discontent by stating that they had crossed Goose Creek and were in Oregon Territory, because all the land on the other side of the creek was Wyoming. They stayed.

The next day two men rode into camp. One of them was Frank James. They had come to say goodbye for they were going up the trail, and that was the first time Grandfather saw Frank James. (This is typed word-for-word. 'Nigger John' was the name used in early Big Horn history. JS)

Sheridan Press Dec 12, 1933 PUBLIC FORUM  
In Memory

In the passing of Mrs. Jenny Davis our community has lost much. For three generations, hers has been an outstanding personality in our midst. The early settlers, their children and their children's children have admired her forceful determination and her stately dignity which are depicted by these incidents we have heard her recall.

The Davis family were living in their first Wyoming home, near the Wallop (Earl of Portsmouth) Ranch. The men were operating a sawmill in Little Goose Canyon. The lumber for the cabin floor was ready, but days passed and no one had time to lay it. One night on returning from work they found the supper table was set as usual but to their surprise the cabin was floored. Mrs. Davis had removed the furniture, hoisted the stove onto logs by means of a lever and completed the floor; then lowered the stove, put all in order and prepared the evening meal unassisted.

Once a gang of horsemen, whom Mrs. Davis instinctively knew to be the James Brothers, rode up to the cabin. She stood in the doorway while they replaced their guns in the holsters and politely asked if she would feed them. She deftly prepared for them the company fare of a frontier kitchen: potato soup, venison steak, and buffalo berry pie. They ate and then courteously bowing and thanking her, departed. .... *Big Horn Pioneer*

Jesse James Once Had 'Hide-Out' Here (Sheridan Press 25 Feb 1934)

The news stories of the activities of the modern gangsters have brought to the minds of the early settlers of this region the fact that Jesse James, one of the most colorful outlaws of all time, had a "dugout," a partly underground house, in the bank of Little Goose Creek near Big Horn, Wyoming. The James brothers had a "dugout" large enough to accommodate a number of men and a stable which held 20 head of horses. It was here that they retreated after robbing a bank or train in the east.

When the officers became too "hot" on their trail, they would apparently vanish, leaving no trace as to which direction they had gone. Not for many years was it learned that it was the dugouts within 12 miles of Sheridan that sheltered them at such times. The James brothers had miles upon miles of wild country to select their hideouts in, but the Big Horn mountains with their dark canyons, good water and abundant game appealed to them above all others.

Every spot that Jesse James was known to have been in the state of Missouri is widely publicized but here in the west, where out of the ordinary things are common, very little interest has been shown in the famed outlaws' hideout.

Several years ago a rifle with Jesse James' initials engraved upon it was found near the dugouts. It is now a prized possession of a wealthy rancher. The rifle had two notches filed in the barrel.

Sheridan Post-Enterprise

Sunday, June 13, 1926 Page 10, Column 2

A man around the house during the day is useless. Every home should be without one.

**DONATIONS FOR THE MT. HOPE CEMETERY** ~ The Cemetery Board is requesting donations to assist with replacing the old roof. We greatly appreciate all the donations and help in 2019. We were able to fix the fence and purchase a new lawn mower.

*We do not receive funds from the county or the state. We are a non profit corporation in Wyoming.*

Steve Bourne and his veteran friends place flags on every veteran's grave for Memorial Day weekend. We have approximately 100 veterans. Thank you for your kindness!!!

Please make YOUR tax deductible donations to : BHCHS - PO Box 566 - Big Horn WY 82833

Memo on check: Mt. Hope Cemetery Fund (BHCHS is honored to assist with cemetery improvements.)

***We are happy to announce that the Big Horn Lions Club has taken on the lawn mowing task as one of their community service projects. THANK YOU SO MUCH TO EACH OF YOU WHO HELP WITH THIS WORK !!!!***

Mt. Hope Cemetery Board ~ Paul Garber, Richard Garber, Mona Brown, Dennis Reher, John Berry & Judy Slack.





Website: [bighorncity.org](http://bighorncity.org)

BIG HORN CITY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PO BOX 566  
BIG HORN WY 82833

## FIRST CLASS MAIL

ANNUAL

### MEMBERSHIP DUES:

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)

## SPECIAL TOILET PAPER SALE

Scottisue "soft as old linen," pure white, guaranteed count, 1000 sheets to roll ..... **25c**

"It's the count that counts"

Waldorf Tissue, 660 sheets ..... **15c**

Sea Shell Tissue, 1000 sheets ..... **20c**

## Mills Printing Co.

Stationery Department  
Successors to Herbert Coffeen Co.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Ads in The Sheridan Enterprise from the fall of 1918.

I never knew that the Mills Company sold toilet paper !! Jean, did you know this ? Wonder if there had been a toilet paper shortage during the flu epidemic?

Note: Successors to Herbert Coffeen Co.

Then on the ballot was prohibition. Note: the Moncreiffes supported it. And to think now, liquor can be delivered to your home !!

## To the People of St. Peter's Parish:

We wish to urge upon you the necessity of **VOTING**, and **VOTING YES**, on the Prohibition Amendment as a Christian and Patriotic Duty. A failure to vote is a vote **AGAINST** Prohibition.

**SAMUEL E. WEST**, Rector.

Lyman H. Brooks,  
John Early,  
D. P. B. Marshall,  
John Bentley,  
William Moncreiffe,  
Malcolm Moncreiffe,  
Harry Upton,

Vestrymen.



**BIG HORN CITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**PO BOX 566**  
**Big Horn WY 82833**

ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**SEPT 2020**

**THE BOARD HAS DECIDED TO CANCEL THE MEETING FOR SEPTEMBER.**

At the beginning of each month, we will decide if and when we will meet.

Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!

**ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP DUES:**

- SINGLE ADULTS.....\$10
- COUPLE/FAMILY.....\$20
- BUSINESS.....\$20
- ORGANIZATION.....\$20

**DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE IN SEPTEMBER ...**

**DUES ARE DUE - THANK YOU!!**

**PIONEER FAMILIES RECEIVE COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERSHIPS** ~ if you are a member of a pioneer family you do not owe dues. We also give 'comps' to speakers and other helpers. For those who receive the newsletter via US mail, please note the address label. If you have a COMP under your name you do not owe dues. Judy will send out an email to the 'comps' if you receive the newsletter via email.

Donations are always welcomed ~ however !!! **THANK YOU !!!**

Please note that the mail is picked up every week. So please send your dues to:

BHCHS ~ PO Box 566 ~ Big Horn WY 82833 ~ **THANK YOU !**

**1ST LIEUTENANT JACK D. SACKETT**

**1920 - September 14, 1944**



1st Lieutenant Jack Sackett was killed in action ~ Big Horn Officer in Air Corps is casualty on French Front. Mr. & Mrs. Clyde (Bertha) Sackett of Big Horn received a telegram from the war department Thursday morning notifying them of the death of their nephew, Lieut. Jack Sackett of the army air corps. Lieut. Sackett, who was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sackett, was killed in action in France on September 17th, the message said. Lieut. Sackett is survived by two sisters, Ellen Louise Sackett of Big Horn, a student at the Univ. of WY and Mrs. Francis E. Smiley of Golden, CO. Another uncle, US Attorney Carl Sackett of Cheyenne and an aunt, Mrs. Jim Gatchell of Buffalo also survive. {This photo was sent to us by Ellen Sackett Brettell: "I recently found this picture of my brother in France, WWII, with his prized plane. Since there is a stone there at Mt. Hope, I thought you should have it. His heart was clearly in Wyoming! Thanks for all the work you all do." }

**If you have any special occasions (weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, etc.) please let Polly Hill know so we can announce them. You may call or write to her at:**

**POLLY @ (307) 674-6107**

**2201 Pima Drive Sheridan WY 82801**

**hillwyomech@aol.com**

**Thank you for helping us keep in touch.....**



## OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE BARD FAMILY:

**August 12, 1941 – June 16, 2020**

Paddy Allen Bard, 78, passed away on Tuesday, June 16 at St. Vincent Hospital in Billings, Montana from a brain aneurysm.

Paddy was born on August 12, 1941 to Allen and Frances (Stout) Bard at the Reynolds House in Sheridan, Wyoming. He attended schools at Willey Grade School, Woodland Park School and graduated from Sheridan High School in 1960. Paddy met Sandra Lloyd of Otter, Montana during high school and they married on December 30, 1960. They started their life together living in Prescott, Arizona before

moving to Birney, Montana where they welcomed their first child Irv in November 1961. In June of 1967 they purchased the Bard Ranch on Dutch Creek near Wyrarno where Gene was born in April of 1968. Paddy was involved in many organizations throughout his life, including: Past President of the Sheridan County Sportsman Association, Past President of the Wyoming Trap Shooters, 4-H Leader for 10 years, FmHA Advisory Board Member, a lifetime Member of the Elks Lodge, Sheridan/Johnson County REA Board for 18 years serving as Vice President and President, Director of Tri-state G&T for five years, Treasurer of the Wyrarno Fire District for 15 years. He was a member of the Big Horn Lions Club and served on the Perkins Foundation Board, and the LaRue Young Foundation Board.

He owned and operated Bard Construction for 10 years and worked at First Interstate Bank as Vice-President of the Agricultural Department all the while operating the Bard Ranch with his family.

Paddy always had a love for rodeo, winning his first buckle in 1954 and his last in 1982 at the Sheridan County Rodeo where he won the Century Roping with his dad Allen. He was an avid sportsman, having hunted and fished across Canada, the United States, Mexico and Argentina.

In 2011, the Bard Ranch was sold and he and Sandy moved to their home on Highway 87 where he resided at the time of his death. Paddy left this world doing the things he enjoyed sharing his many skills, wit and wisdom with neighbors and friends.

Paddy is survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, Sandy, his son Irv, daughter-in-law Cathy and granddaughter Ellie of Sheridan, and his son Gene, daughter-in-law Becky and grandchildren Brody of Boise, Idaho and Bailey of Big Horn, Wyoming.



## OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO POLLY AND HER FAMILY:

**STANLEY HILL May 21, 1942 - August 24, 2020**

On Monday August 24, 2020 Stanley J. Hill died peacefully in his home at the age of 78. He was born to Stanley and Delores Hill in Chisholm, Minnesota on May 21, 1942.

He is survived by wife Pauline Hill, sister Charmis Sarich, son Stanley Hill, daughter Colleen (Tim) Malmgren, four grandchildren, and nieces and nephews. After raising his family in Hibbing, Minnesota, he and his wife moved to Sheridan, Wyoming in

1984. Stanley had a passion for hunting and competition benchrest shooting. He won many trophies and awards, including the title of National Champion in 1992.



## OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE FAMILY OF:

Maxine "Ruth" Badgett, 92, died Sunday, Aug. 30, 2020, at Green House Living in Sheridan with her family by her side. Champion Funeral Home has been entrusted with local arrangements.

## A MURDEROUS ASSAULT (April 1896)

## Mrs. Perry of Big Horn Attacks Her Husband With an Ax

Mrs. N. Perry of Big Horn is lying in the county jail in this city, charged with the attempted murder of her husband.

The facts as we learn them are these: Yesterday morning Mrs. Perry got up to prepare breakfast, leaving her husband asleep in bed. After proceeding with her work for a time, she stepped to the door and procured an ax. Coming in she went directly to the bed where her husband lay asleep and before her purpose was devined by the other persons of the house, she struck him a stunning blow on the head with the ax.

Maggie, the fifteen-year-old daughter, as soon as she saw what her mother had done, rushed forward with a cry and alarm, calling upon her mother to cease. This only enraged the mother more, and turning she leveled a blow at the girl with the ax, but failed to reach her, the blow spending its force against the wall. The girl ran out to alarm the neighbors, and during her absence the mother made her escape in the brush near the house, where she secreted herself.

A number of the neighbors who had been awakened by the cries of the children came to the house, where they found Mr. Perry in an unconscious condition and bleeding profusely. A physician was summoned, and Dr. Simpson of this city went up to render the wounded man what assistance was in his power.

Mrs. Perry returned to the house after a short absence and appeared to have no knowledge of what had occurred, talking in a rambling manner about her husband getting hurt. Everything goes to show that the unfortunate woman was temporarily insane, as she is ordinarily a mild-mannered inoffensive lady, well thought of by her neighbors, and an active and apparently conscientious church worker, being a member of the M. E. church of Big Horn.

Grave as the crime would appear upon first thought, mature deliberation would satisfy any fair minded person that the woman must have been laboring under a temporary aberration at the time the deed was done and that she is more to be pitied than condemned.

LATER—From Dr. Simpson, who returned from the area of the tragedy last evening, we learn that Mr. Perry breathed his last shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. ~~~~

James Newton Perry was born in 1857 in Ohio. He died April 16, 1896 and is buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

Mrs. Perry was actually Mary Elizabeth (Castor) Perry. She was born in 1861 in MO. Their children were Margaret Maggie Perry b.1881 in KS & John Wilber "Johnny" Perry b. 29 May 1884 in Big Horn, WY. Mrs. Perry had gone by Elizabeth and did indeed kill poor Newton with an ax in Big Horn in 1896. His parents were John Newton Perry & Catherine B. (Boylan) Perry. (source: Find A Grave)

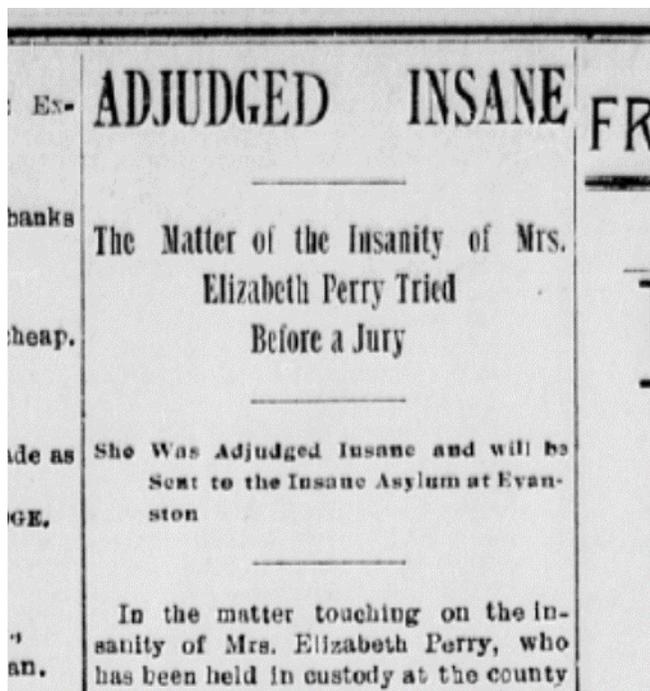
Judy - Your last newsletter was the best ever. I love them and I love Big Horn. Please note this letter in your next message. You deserve so much credit. Love, Perk (Connell)

Thank you Perk !!!! JS


 HOBO DINNER

1 lb. ground chuck	2 carrots, sliced
2 medium potatoes, quartered	2 pats butter
2 medium onions, quartered	Salt to taste
	Pepper to taste

Shape meat into four patties. Place on piece of aluminum foil--top with potatoes, onions and carrots. Wrap tightly. Bake at 350° for 1 hour. Butter and season patties and vegetables. Serve. Four servings.



Sheridan Daily Journal April 21, 1896

## ADJUDGED INSANE

The Matter of the Insanity of Mrs. Elizabeth Perry Tried  
Before a Jury

-----  
She Was Adjudged Insane and will be sent to the Insane Asylum  
at Evanston.  
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In the matter touching on the insanity of Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, who has been held in custody at the county jail since last Thursday charged with the crime of killing her husband, was tried before Clerk of the Court Tynan and a jury of six men, as prescribed by statute. The jury was summoned on an open venire to appear at the clerk's office at 9 o'clock. The jury were as follows: A. M. Halbert, J. M. Lobban, W. F. Brittain, B. F. Small, C. B. Holmes and L. H. Brooks. The jury were all promptly on hand except L. H. Brooks. After waiting for over an hour a bench warrant was issued for Mr. Brooks and he was brought into court.

When all was in readiness Mr. Brooks was made acquainted with the facts in his case and he pled guilty and was fined \$3.90 as a reminder that he mustn't monkey with the court.

The case was then called. J. F. Hoop, county attorney, appearing for the state and A. M. Appelget for Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Perry not being present, Dr. Simpson was called to testify as to her condition, and as to whether it would be proper to have her brought into court. His testimony convinced the court that it might prove injurious to her, and decided that her presence in court could be dispensed with. The examination then proceeded. The following witnesses were sworn and testified in the case: Dr. Simpson, Dr. Jackson, Chas. Becker, Milton Krout, Wm. C. Perry, John Morrow, Maggie Perry, a daughter, and Johnny Perry, a young son of Mrs. Perry.

After listening to the testimony, the jury retired to a jury room to consider upon their verdict and were out but a few moments when they returned and submitted the following:

"We the jury, duly empaneled and sworn in the above entitled cause do find the defendant, Elizabeth Perry, of unsound mind and that she has no estate."

B. F. Small, Foreman

In accordance to the above, Mrs. Perry will be adjudged insane by the court and she will be sent to the Insane Asylum at Evanston, in charge of the sheriff, who expects to leave with his charge tomorrow afternoon.

The following is found on pages 69 - 70 in Sally Springer's "Big Horn City Tidbits of History" published in 2001. It explains more of the Perry family saga. "...behind this story is the account Mrs. Vie Garber told me thirty years ago. Please remember two things. First, tragedies that happened in this era were of a different time and circumstances; and second, we weren't put on this earth to judge. So, we should have a bit of compassion and understanding for this family. The Perry family, according to Mrs. Garber, lived up on the Canyon Ranch Road, somewhere close to where the big red barn now stands. Mr. Perry drank terribly, to the point of taking monies he could find from the family, selling whatever he could. Perhaps the kindest thing said about him was he was the town drunk. Now we would realize he was an alcoholic and needed treatment. Mrs. Perry was the back-bone of the family, doing all the work with the help of the children, trying to keep food on the table and clothes on their backs. This spring there was something extremely important coming up at either the church or school that Maggie needed money for - maybe fabric for a new dress or whatever. Mrs. Perry had been saving pennies in a sugar bowl for a long time for this purpose - and she kept

(cont.) it well hidden up in one of the cupboards behind some dishes. The night before the murder, Mr. Perry had gone out to drink as usual. The family went to bed, and Mrs. Perry heard her husband come in sometime after midnight. Not hearing anything unusual and thinking he would stumble into bed, she evidently drifted off to sleep again.

In a half sleep, she heard Mr. Perry leave the cabin again. Towards dawn, she heard him return to the house, when he fell into bed in a drunken stupor. When she got up to start the morning fire and meager breakfast, the first thing she noticed in the kitchen was the sugar bowl on the counter-empty, of course. Somehow, Mr. Perry found the pennies she was saving for Maggie's special occasion.

We can only imagine the thoughts of anger and heartbreak racing through her mind. Through tears she was agonizing over how to tell her Maggie the money was gone. She went out to split kindling for the stove and without knowing, she evidently decided to split Mr. Perry. Mrs. Garber remembered a neighbor riding hard asking her father, Mr. Willits, to bring his wagon and told what had happened. She remembered watching as her father later drove by with Mr. Perry's body in the back of the wagon.

According to her, they took Mr. Perry into Big Horn to Dr. Jackson's house. Dr. Simpson was summoned from Sheridan, but it was useless. ... The children went East somewhere and lived with relatives.

**Here is the Washington Post's Mensa invitational** - which once again asked readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition. Here are the winners:

**Cashtration** (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.

**Intaxication** (n.): Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

**Reintarnation** (n.): Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

**Bozone** (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.

**Giraffiti** (n.): Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

**Inoculatte** (v.): To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

**Osteopornosis** (n.): A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY !!!**

**To Wyla Loomis & Vic Garber**

**Cards may be sent to: PO Box 566 Big Horn WY 82833**

**They will both be turning 101 !!!!**



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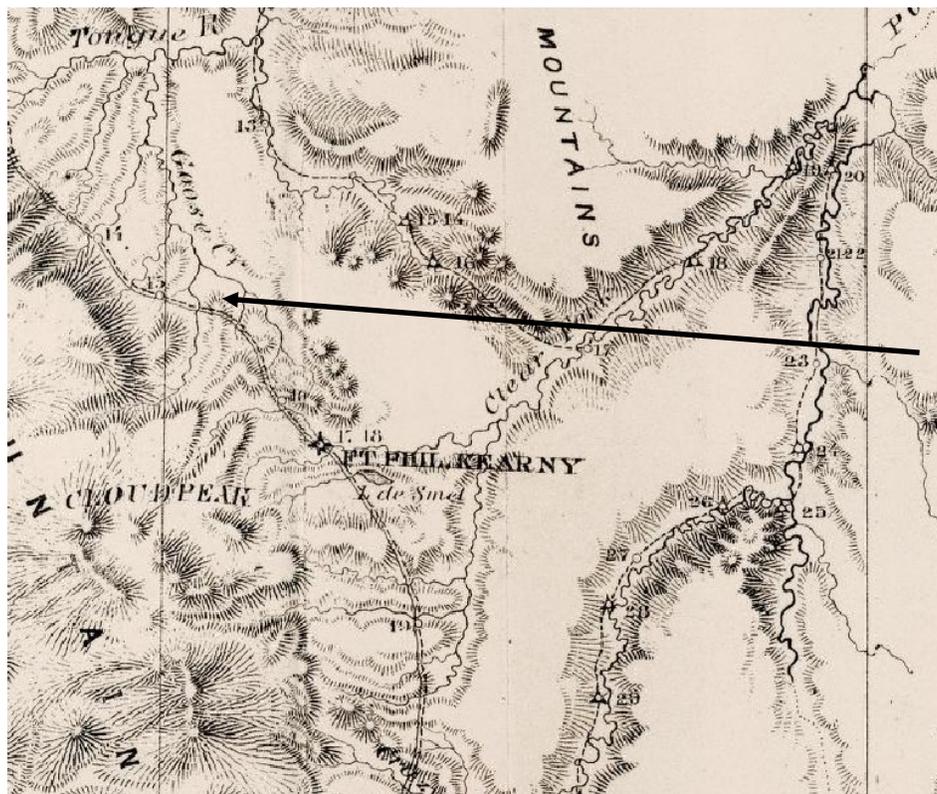
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COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERSHIPS

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)



### 1868 map of the Yellowstone & Missouri Rivers and their tributaries

This trail is marked  
WAGON ROAD. We know  
it as The Bozeman Trail. The  
details on this map are  
quite amazing. Several  
rivers and mountains are  
named. The locations and  
topography seem to be  
quite accurate.



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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**OCT 2020**

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At the beginning of each month, we will decide if and when we will meet.

Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!



**Our dear friend Maurine Badgett passed away on September 22.**

She was our museum attendant for several years. She was always seen with her beagle pups. Maurine also helped out at our meetings; setting the tables and cleaning up.

We will miss her dedication and enthusiasm. She was a member of a Big Horn pioneer family and was proud of her roots.



**CUB SCOUT HALLOWEEN PARTY 1958—BACK ROW(UNDER “PACK 118”) left to right: Mike Berry, Dennis Loomis, Donna Eckerson, Pete Henry, Roberta Moore, Jim Currie. Next Row: Bonnie Warner, ??, John Currie, Bill Johnson, John Slack, Ken Warner, Dick Bard, Leo Baker, ??, Thad Brayton, Marion Loomis. Sitting in chairs: Cindy Warner, Judy Currie, Mary Ella Bard, Jody Brayton, Dan Berry, Margie Brayton, Terry Bannas, Virgil Garland. Front Row (sitting on floor): Rick Clabaugh, Mike Brayton, David Moore, Don Norskog, Greg Eckerson, Randy Bannas, John Berry (in front of Bruce), Bruce Clabaugh, Charles Bannas. Anyone have any ideas who the unidentified are?**

## OUR SYMPATHIES GO OUT TO THE FAMILIES OF:

**William G. "Bill" Valdez**

**October 29, 1933 - September 2, 2020**

William Gilbert "Bill" Valdez was born in Worland, Wyoming, October 29, 1933, to Gilbert and Rosie Valdez. The family's first home was a sheep wagon as Gilbert tended sheep for a living.

At the age of four Billy acquired a  $\frac{3}{4}$  bred Shetland pony which he named "Midget." With his father's help and training Billy learned many trick riding stunts and rope tricks which he performed while riding Midget. His first performance was at a Rodeo in Decker, Montana where he was paid \$11.00 for two days. At the age of five Billy won a saddle horse, bridle and saddle blanket for having the best western outfit in the 1939 Sheridan Rodeo parade. Billy and Midget performed at many Rodeos and events across Wyoming for the next seven years including races and jumping events, winning trophies and prizes. As a young man Bill continued Rodeo, riding bulls, horses and roping. Bill worked for the Highway Department as a surveyor and later was a nursing assistant at the VA Hospital from which he retired. Bill loved the outdoors and participated and led many pack trips in the Big Horn Mountain wilderness. He loved to tell stories of the many places he had ridden horseback with a joke or story and a little twinkle in his eye that applied to any conversation. Bill was a "true cowboy." His greatest love was caring for his horses and all the animals who found him an incredible guardian and friend. Bill was passionate about caring for his mother and their property in Big Horn. Bill was a man of God and always knew how to treat people never bowing to disrespect. We will miss you Bill, love your family and friends.



Bill is survived by his step-daughter Tyra Williamson, his former wife, Phyllis Iddings, grandchildren; Stacie Mack and Robert (Rob) Williamson, four great grandchildren and his good friends for over 80 years; Willis Wood, Carol Wood and Bob Wood who he considered family.

**Roberta Sept Deti**

**February 11, 1945 - September 10, 2020**

Longtime Laramie resident Roberta Sept Deti, 75, died on September 10, 2020 in Cheyenne. Roberta was born in Sheridan on February 11, 1945 to Robert and Albena 'Dolly' Sept. She spent her childhood in Acme and Big Horn. She was active in 4-H and Job's Daughters. She graduated from Big Horn High School and attended Sheridan College. Roberta married John R. Deti in the spring of 1969 in Sheridan. They were married for just over 50 years and had two sons, Travis and Cody. They moved to Laramie in 1971, where they lived until the last few years.



**AIN'T IT THE TRUTH....**A fellow was invited to an old friend's house for dinner. The host preceded every request to his wife by calling her 'sweetheart', 'honey', 'darling', 'my love'...etc. The guest was quite impressed since they had been married almost 70 years! While the wife was in the kitchen, the guest remarked how nice it was that he still called her those pet names. "To tell you the truth, I forgot her name about 10 years ago", the friend replied.



[Editor's note: while searching for an article I came across the two 1958 Halloween photos. We have lost many of these folks but several are still with us. I hope you enjoy and I so wish we had Mr. Schmidt's photograph/negative collection. He took photos of Big Horn life during the 1940s-60s. We only have a few in our files. Do any of you happen to know where there are other photographs?]

*“Whether you think you can, or think you can’t...you’re right.”* Henry Ford

*“The road to success is always under construction.”* Lily Tomlin



*“Life is an echo; what you send out comes back.”* Chinese Proverb

*“Even if you’re on the right track, you’ll get run over if you just sit there.”* Will Rogers



**Boy Scout Halloween Party at the school gym/cafeteria - we think this was taken in 1958**

**BACK ROW— L to R: Patty Warner, Bud Warner, Everett Berry, Victor Slack, Warren Bard, Marion Brayton, Jim Berry and Mrs. Henry (????)**

**MIDDLE ROW: Donna Johnson, Judy Moore, Betty Eckerson, Jackie Slack, Helen Bard, Helen Currie, Frances Berry**

**FRONT ROW: Mrs. Johnson, Bette Berry and Jo Moore [HAPPY HALLOWEEN EVERYONE !!!]**

## JEROME BROWN FAMILY

### Jerome was a Johnson County Commissioner during the JOHNSON COUNTY CATTLE WAR

Jerome Brown was a county commissioner during the Johnson County Cattle Wars. His daughter, Edna, wrote a biography (*some of her story is included in this newsletter - see below*) and told about her experiences during the JCCW. She was 13 years old at the time and rode horseback to and from Buffalo along with rounding up their livestock on the Brown homestead north and east of Buffalo. These horseback rides took her places that put her in danger. Of course they personally knew the major players in the JCCW. Jerome was most definitely on the hit list since he served on the commission and had requested the arrest of the murderers of Jones & Tisdale.



The Brown family originally moved to Big Horn in October 1887. They later moved to Buffalo in 1888 where he could make a living selling dairy products to Ft. Mc Kinney. Because of his excellent ability to make cheese he was known as “Cheese Brown”. Edna wrote in her story about “Frank Grouard, who soon became a frequent visitor at our home.” Jerome was elected to serve on the Johnson County Board of Commissioners in 1891. They decided to move back to Big Horn in 1894 at which time he became involved in the Wyoming Collegiate Institute and the State Legislature. He continued to make cheese and sell dairy products. They bought the old Lambrigger homestead on Jackson Creek.

PHOTO above: Jerome & Clementine 1909 on their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

*(We will feature more on the JCCW in upcoming newsletters. The following is a great story about Frank Grouard. In Edna's words...)* *[Her wedding photo is on last page of this newsletter.]*

Late in the fall of 1890, Frank Grouard rode in most unexpectedly. He told Father he came down to hunt deer and antelope that roamed the hills in large numbers. After letting his pony, which he called “Cayuse”, rest two days he planned on rising at 4:30 some morning, and take a day’s hunt in the hills. I wanted to go too, so I asked Mother if it would be all right to go hunting with him. Mother said yes, if he didn’t mind being bothered with me. So at daylight we started out. I rode my grey Eagle – he rode his little cayuse, which looked so small under him that I felt like telling him to get off and let the pony ride awhile. We forded Crazy Woman Creek and went out towards the Powder River divide. Once I started to talk and he motioned for me to be still. That ride taught me how to ride in absolute silence, I found it possible to guide my pony on soil so that his hoofs made no sound. On seeing deer, Grouard gestured – gave me orders of what to do by gestures. This delighted me for I knew he was using his Indian prowess in this hunt. I wish that I could explain his cunning. Some times using stealth, other times depending on his swift prompt action. When we rode home there were eight deer lying “dressed” out on the hills. Grouard was without hat, coat, vest, neckerchief, outside shirt, both socks, pocket handkerchief, when we returned. He left these articles of clothing on the “kill” to keep the coyotes away from them. The next morning Father took the little team of mules, hitched to the running gear of the wagon, and went out to bring in the trophies of the hunt, Grouard and I went along on horseback. We had many a laugh that day at Father’s efforts to keep right side up when traveling on a side hill or crossing a deep gulch. In fact poor Father acted as though he was peeved at having to under go such a harrowing experience. It took several days to cut and dry some of the venison. Then it was ready to eat, it was the best dried venison I had ever tasted. Grouard took most of this meat back to the garrison at Mt. McKinney. Father hauled it for him.



Mardell Plainfeather (left) & Elsa Spear Byron in 1986

## Mardell Plainfeather

Mardell Plainfeather's Crow name – Baa Hinnaché, or Always Working – reflects her tireless spirit and dedication to preserving, documenting, promoting, and teaching the history, culture, and identity of the Crow Apsáalooke people. Plainfeather is an enrolled member of the Crow (Apsáalooke) Tribe, a member of the Big Lodge clan, and a Whistling Waters child. She speaks fluent Crow and is adopted in the Sacred Tobacco Society of the Crow – the original “medicine” of the tribe. She is a member of a Crow Women's Language Club, a small group of women who gather frequently to practice language, have discussions, share food, and do beadwork; they say, “Our language is our identity.”

Throughout the 1980s, Plainfeather was Plains Indian Historian Park Ranger at Little Big Horn Battlefield National Monument, and she taught classes at Little Big Horn College from 1986 to 1988. She

spent seven years as Supervisory Park Ranger of Interpretation and Visitor Services at Fort Smith National Historic Site in Arkansas. She “retired” from the Park Service and returned to Montana in 1997 to direct her immense energy toward interpreting and preserving Crow tribal history. Over the past twenty years, Plainfeather has been instrumental in developing and completing a wide range of museums, tourism, and public outreach projects on Crow history through partnerships with a wide variety of organizations, including the Western Heritage Center. From public lectures, museum exhibits, and tribal tourism initiatives to extensive oral history projects, articles, and books, her collected work comprises an invaluable contribution to the permanent record of the Crow people. Her 2012 book, *The Woman Who Loved Mankind: The Life of a Twentieth-Century Crow Elder* (co-authored with Barbara Loeb), is the autobiographical life story of Mardell's mother, Lillian Bullshows Hogan. The book is a major contribution to Native American History, women's studies, and interpretive autobiography, and is a groundbreaking work of ethno-poetry. With great awe and admiration, The Montana Historical Society recognizes Mardell Plainfeather with the Heritage Keepers Award. She has also served as an advisor to FPK/BTA since its inception and is a member of the American Indian Advisory Council at the Brinton Museum. [Thank you Mardell for sharing this photo with us! and to Mary Ellen McWilliams for all her help in putting this article together.]

My wife Dee was Delores L. Sackett, daughter of Leroy and Bessie Sackett, before I married her 69 years ago. She enjoyed the article on Jack Sackett because he was her favorite cousin. Keep up the good work—we enjoy the news. Sincerely, Jim Clifton



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Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)



WEDDING PICTURE OF EDNA BROWN AND PAUL RAY WOOD. OCTOBER 1897



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NOV 2020

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Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!

## Moncreiffe Ranch

This ranch is located in Little Goose valley and is composed of 4,000 acres in the ranch proper, with a 20,000-acre range twenty-five miles east in the foothills of leased government land. This ranch is devoted entirely to the breeding of horses and has attained an international reputation since the Boer War, from the fact that the British government is buying horses for the British army in Africa from the Moncreiffe Brothers. Strictly speaking, the Moncreiffe ranch is also a horse exchange, the Moncreiffes buying large numbers of horses, all through Wyoming, Montana and, in fact, the entire northwest, making Sheridan one of the greatest horse markets in the west. During the last year the agents of the British government have purchased over 20,000 head of horses at the Moncreiffe ranch, the price per head being \$125 for cavalry horses and \$85 for mounted infantry. It is a very creditable fact that of the number of horses passed before the inspector and examined by the veterinary surgeon not 5% have been rejected. Captain Foster (*could have been Forster? See photo below found in the Moncreiffe photo album dated 1902. Quality of photo may be poor since many of the original photographs are fading.*) of the English army and agent of the British government states emphatically that the “western horse is all right when he gets to Africa.” Inspection day at the ranch is a great day. Each horse is brought out by a rider and put through his paces to discover whether he has sufficient “wind” to enable him to stand a military campaign in the Transvaal and enable his rider to escape a Boer raider. After purchase our American horse, like our American heiress, becomes an English subject, only the horse is branded with the English mark, which is a broad arrow head, aptly described a “turkey track,” and in his hoof is burned his number. However, he retains his Americanism, meeting all the requirements of his new position with superior intelligence and bravery. The Moncreiffe ranch is fenced and the horses are kept in pasture. A large number of acres are under irrigation and quantities of alfalfa are raised for winter feed for those kept in the corral. No effort is made to raise what is strictly termed blooded stock, but it is a high grade, characterized by strength, intelligence and a good disposition – in fact, the horse that can stand work on a farm, driving on the road and the wear and tear of a military campaign.

The Moncreiffe ranch is typical of many ranches located near Sheridan. There is no attempt to breed the racer, rather an all-round fine horse, and in the markets of the world the horse from this section of the west commands a price that makes his breeding a profitable occupation. [1902 THE OMAHAN]



Cap<sup>t</sup> Forster



### Our Sympathies go out to the Ziler Family:

Sandra Ziler (May 4, 1950 – October 17, 2020)

She was the eldest of four children of Floyd and Carrie Workman. She attended school in Big Horn and Dayton, graduating from Tongue River High School in 1969. She met & married her husband, Kermit Ziler in Hardin, MT in 1973. Sandi is



survived by her husband of 47 years; her three children, Robin, Larry and Kendra;

three grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; her siblings Billie Kwallek (Richard), David Workman (Cathy) and sister-in-law Kristie Workman Smith (Earl). She has countless cousins, nieces, and nephews and an overwhelming number of surrogate children she has taken into her fold throughout her life. Donations may be made in lieu of flowers to the Sheridan County Fulmer Public Library. [Sandi helped with several of our books. She transcribed countless interviews over the years.]



### Continuation of the Edna Brown story.... (excerpts about the Johnson County Cattle War)

About three miles down the creek, on another ranch, lived another group of people who represented the type of small cattlemen who considered it their privilege to brand mavericks on the range according to the unwritten law, which held that, if a man possessed a bunch of cattle running loose on the range, he was entitled to brand an unbranded calf away from its mother. It was practically understood that that was how the large cattle companies had increased their flocks. Some had paid cowboys to rustle mavericks for them. But things were changing now. With the coming of the small ranches or settlers. The cattle man was seeing a vision, which did not include him as the supreme being, or did not permit him the freedom he had long enjoyed. Stricter laws were made, the enforcement of which came to be a mighty problem. Then on the other hand here was my Father, with, perhaps 35 head of milk cows with, I suppose, a few head of young cattle, who had settled here in the hills that he might have free range, thus cutting on the expense of feeding. The branding of mavericks did not present any temptation to him for his only motive was to have access to this free open range. He came to build a home, to promote and establish a better civilization. "To live by the side of the road and be a friend to man." When we settled on the banks of Crazy Woman he became what was then called a "Nester", which the cattleman considered a menace. Father was well within his rights – he would never willingly be a menace to any man.

Thus, here within a radius of 10 miles, there were three distinct type of cattlemen, which were doomed to be at opposing points in a dangerous situation. Jack Miller, a petty, sneaking cattle thief, who couldn't look himself in the eye (while he shaved) let alone any other human being. There was a bunch of cattle rustlers headed by Jack Bell who maintained that they were within their rights by taking what was as much theirs as anyone's – all neighbors. There came a time when serious rumors were afloat concerning the feelings between the so called rustlers and the cattle baron. Father was warned against Jack Bell and his gang who lived on a ranch just below us. Father told me if I saw smoke rising from a small fire in an unexpected spot, or if I saw cowboys engaged in roping cattle, to give them a "wide berth", for to surprise a rustler in the act of branding a maverick, was regarded as a dangerous situation. But I could not bring myself to think that Jack Bell and his companions, could be utterly lawless. These steady eyed, calm mannered men, who were generous good neighbors. They accorded Mother and me the old fashioned courtesy of "home" folks. The first year we lived there, Grandpa Martin held religious services in the front room of our home several times. The families along the creek came and these cowboys came too. Jack Bell said "It's sure been a long time since I went to church." Some of the others said "Aint been to church since I left home back in Missouri", or "down in Texas", or "in Virginia". And they came dressed in their Sunday best. They removed their spurs and their guns and they stood with bowed heads while Grandfather prayed. They were enthusiastic over the singing of

hymns. Once I caught a mischievous look in Jack's eyes when one of the boys sang with more than usual gusto, and when the song was ended and the other boy saw that twinkle in the eyes of his friend, there were some hot looks exchanged. In the course of the three years we lived neighbors, these boys came to our house often. Mother had a big Thanksgiving dinner for them once, and Father often asked them up to Sunday dinner. For they were bachelors and enjoyed Mother's cooking. In the long winter evenings they came to play cards, "high five" being the popular game at that time. Then too, Mother often shared her household medicines with them, during an epidemic of grippe and treated their eyes for snow blindness. They seemed fine and good, we were all fond of them. But we were fated to see them as hunted men, desperate and grim in defending their so called rights.

When the round-up camped in our neighborhood, we usually payed them a visit. It was fun to eat around the mess wagon. The food was always of excellent quality. And the cowboys were always courteous and sociable and jolly. Sometimes great herds of long-horned Texas cattle passed our house. Once I recall an extraordinary large herd that was about three hours in passing. The riders accompanying these droves were always hot and dusty and thirsty. They always received a welcome at our ranch, for whenever Mother heard the distant mooing of cattle she would say to me, "Get a bucket of ice water ready". And sometimes there was cold fresh buttermilk which they deeply appreciated.

In the meantime Father had urged me to watch the range closely as I was doing a lot of riding on alternate days. Once when I had ridden farther than usual along the Clear Creek divide, and had started back cutting off some of the distance by crossing a deep ravine and taking a direct course toward the line of hills that led down to home I saw another rider appearing at intervals along a ridge. He was going the same direction as I, though keeping on higher ground. Finally he disappeared for a few moments only to reappear on the ridge that I would have to cross. As I came nearer to him he stopped and waited waving his hat in salute. When I reached him I was surprised to find that it was our neighbor, Jack Bell. He remarked, "Which one of us is lost?" He looked at me intently for several seconds then said, with a serious inflection in his voice, "But aren't you afraid, Miss Edna, of getting lost in these hills sometime?" "Why should I be afraid, when I always know where I am?" I said. Then again, he gave me that steady look, as he said, "Oh lots of things, you know...all kinds of plum locoed varmints might grab you up." I laughed and said, "Oh, well, they would turn me loose again, anyway I am not scared of anything out here." I did not attach any importance to this conversation then. Afterward I remembered those words, and thought they may have had a certain significance. I had never felt the least uneasiness when alone with Jack nor with "Jumbo" McKenzie, nor with Billy Cameron.

Some of the horses had been turned out on the south range, between Powder River and Crazy Woman. I started out one afternoon to locate them. I crossed the creek near our corrals and took a trail that ran along a high ridge. I followed this trail watching on all sides for the horses and found a part of them at the head of a deep gulch, where there was a water hole with a little grove of trees and brush. This was a good location, but not all of the geldings were there. I could see from this high view small bunches of horses so started in an easterly direction hoping to find the strays not far away, which I did, after taking a circuitous route. They were well down in a gully where there was a little better grazing. On leaving them without taking any notice of just where I was, I followed the well worn trail directly down the bed of the gulch. It was a warm day and I became drowsy, the silence of the hills was only broken by an occasional grasshopper snapping his wings in the dry grass. Eagle walked along lazily kicking up little puffs of dust as he moved leisurely toward home. Suddenly we came to a lane that led to the creek where range cattle could come for water. The surroundings were unfamiliar from that side of the creek bank. On the corral fence there hung several cow hides and inside the corral were two good sized beef steers, which in my confusion I had no idea of taking any notice. Riding slowly toward the crossing I at last became aware of the fact that I was riding on the premises of the Sonne Ranch. I found out later that these two steers in the corral belonged to the U Cross cattle company. Not wishing to ride back and around to our own place, I told myself that probably no one was home and would not care even if they did see me. I crossed the creek, went up the dusty path on the opposite bank. I rode around the house, where on a board platform at the door sat three men, Sonne, Jack Miller and a strange

man by the name of Stuart. They were leaning back against the wall of the house, with their chairs tipped at a comfortable angle. They looked at me in utter amazement, too surprised to move. I will never forget the look on their faces. I saw that I must have to ride quite close to the house in order to go through the open gate into the road. The men were staring at me, it was too late to turn back. I was frightfully embarrassed under the gaze of these men. Then a woman's instinct controlled my actions. Knowing how beautifully Eagle arched his neck at a signal, I tightened the rein, and he responded promptly. Then I raised my head, looked straight at the "gaping bad men", smiled at them, and Eagle pranced proudly through the gate out into the road. When I told the folks about this one of the hired men said, "There's few men on this creek could do that – they just would not have dared to ride on to Old Sonne's ranch without explaining." After I learned later on that these men considered me a spy for the cattle men and detectives, I thoroughly appreciated the situation. Anyway I was convinced that the seriousness of the situation caused by my sudden appearance was greatly modified by the vision presented of a pretty girl on a beautiful horse. And that these so called lawless men might have been dissuaded from a firm purpose.

Per Rosa Maye Kendrick's journal note regarding "Jumbo": [PAGE 22] On another occasion the ranch man and chore boy, Bruce Cooper (whose wife was doing the cooking) came to Father as soon as he was up in the morning, with this story. He said just after daybreak when he got up he noticed the milk calves bunched in peculiar fashion not far from the little side gate at the end of the walk that leads to (what was then) the door of Mother's- Father's room. The calves seem to be gathered out of curiosity staring at some unaccustomed object. Shortly thereafter, attracted by a sound Bruce Cooper looked in time to see a man leap into his [PAGE 23] saddle and ride like mad away from the gate, his speed accelerating with the increasing distance. Father said casually: "probably a Cheyenne Indian" and kept all suspicions to himself. From subsequent rumors he always thought the early visitor to be one "Jumbo" MacKenzie, a brutish big man who was admittedly "out to get" Father. It was assumed that MacKenzie had posted himself by the gate during the night, and while waiting for the appearance of his victim had fallen asleep. On awaking he found daylight had overtaken him and made his get away before he could be recognized.

## CHUCK WAGON COOKBOOK

BY BETH MCELFRISH



### JONNY CAKE OR CORN BREAD

1 1/4 cups sweet milk	1 egg
2 tbsp. sugar	1 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. melted butter	1 cup flour
1 cup corn meal	2 tsp. baking powder

Mix well and pour batter into pan in which the butter was melted (melt butter in 8x12 inch cake pan), and bake until brown. By adding a little more milk, one can use this recipe for corn meal pancakes to be baked on a griddle.

- In the 1400s a law was set forth in England that a man was allowed to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. Hence we have "the rule of thumb"

- Many years ago in Scotland, a new game was invented. It was ruled 'Gentlemen only...Ladies Forbidden'... and thus the word GOLF entered into the English language.

- In English pubs, ale is ordered in pints and quarts...so in old England, when customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them 'Mind your pints and quarts, and settle down.' It is where we get the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's"

### NOTES FROM MEMBERS:

Love the newsletters. Great Job. ~ Clara Ilgen

We appreciate all your good work. ~ Anne & Scott Nickerson

Thank you and all the officers of BHCHS for keeping track of our wonderful history in this area and for keeping us all connected both in person and online! ~ Laura Galloway

& thank you for all the kind words, encouragement and donations ~ BHCHS

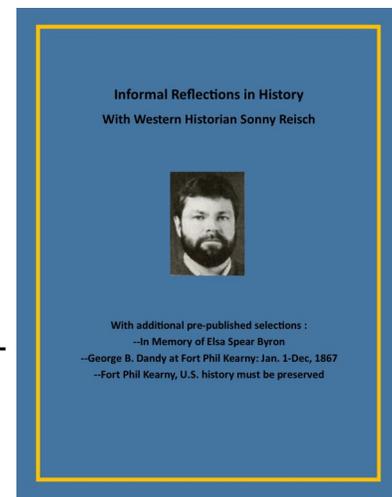
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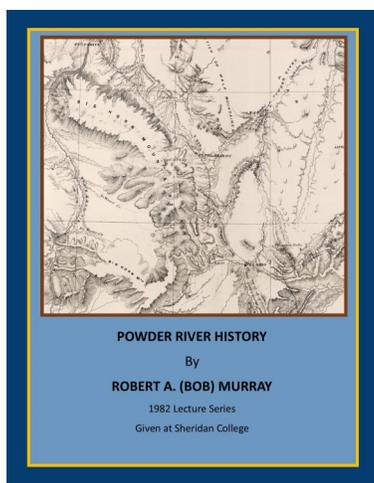
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Below: Moncreiffe - Wallop horse trail [70 feet wide] can still be seen just north of the Upper Prairie Dog Creek exit on I-90. The horse trail was fenced from the Polo Ranch to Ulm railroad station. This made for an easier way to move the horses to and from the rail line - Ulm is 21 MILES due east of the Malcolm Moncreiffe's Polo Ranch (see below). FYI: it was located about one mile west of his brother William's ranch (most of us would know it as the Bradford Brinton Quarter Circle A ranch). Vic Garber showed me this lane and told me the story of trailing horses to & from the railhead. (JS)





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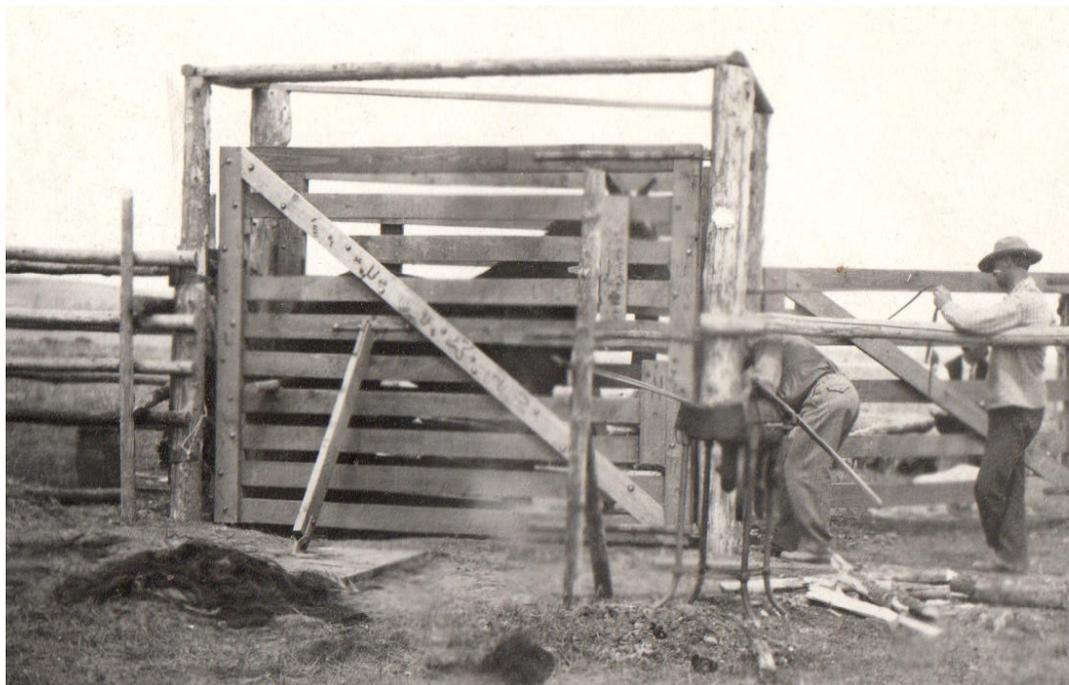
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DUES ARE ALWAYS DUE  
THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

PIONEER FAMILIES WILL RECEIVE  
COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERSHIPS

Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)



Written on back of photo: British cavalry inspection World War #1 - Bill Eckerson (Hoof Branding) & Don Eckerson (Corral Hand). Courtesy Eckerson Family Collection. [ Bill was Don's father.]



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PO BOX 566  
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ALONG THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

**DEC 2020**

THE BOARD HAS DECIDED TO CANCEL THE MEETING FOR THIS MONTH.

At the beginning of each month, we will decide if and when we will meet.

Stay happy and healthy dear friends !!!

## MELVINE ROLSTON'S FUDGE RECIPES

### MILLION DOLLAR FUDGE

3 (4 1/2 oz.) Hershey's bars	1 lb. pecans
1 (12 oz.) pkg. chocolate chips	1 tsp. vanilla
1 pt. marshmallow cream	4 1/2 c. sugar
1 Tbsp. butter	1 tall can evaporated milk

Mix together in a container: Hershey's bars (broken into pieces), chocolate chips, vanilla, butter and marshmallow cream; set aside. Mix in saucepan sugar and evaporated milk. Bring to a boil. After it starts to boil, cook 6 minutes. Pour this mixture over chocolate, etc. Blend until smooth and creamy. After mixture is completely blended, add chopped nuts and fold in. Pour into a buttered pan--chill. Cut into pieces. Makes 6 pounds of the best fudge ever.

### FASTEST FUDGE IN THE WEST

Melt together 1 can Eagle Brand milk and 2 (8 ounce) Hershey's bars in top of double boiler or in microwave oven. Cream together--add chopped nuts and pour into buttered dish. It sets up immediately and is creamy.



Funny thoughts: Your idea of happy hour is taking a nap.  
Your little black book only contains names ending in MD.  
You get tired wrestling with temptation.  
Your social security number must be in the single digits.  
When you were in school history was called "current events".  
Whatever kind of look you were going for you missed.  
You put the psycho in psychology.

**98% OF AMERICANS SCREAM BEFORE GOING IN THE DITCH ON A SLIPPERY ROAD. THE OTHER 2% ARE FROM WYOMING AND THEY SAY, 'HOLD MY BEER AND WATCH THIS.'**

**You're from WYOMING if You'll eat ice cream in the winter.**

**When the weather report says it's going to be 65 degrees, you shave your legs and wear a skirt.**

**It snows 2 feet and you don't expect school to be canceled.**

**You'll wear flip flops every day of the year, regardless of temperature.**

**You have no accent at all, but can hear other people's.**

**'Humid' is over 25%.**

**Your sense of direction is: Toward the mountains and Away from the mountains.**

**You say 'the interstate' and everybody knows which one.**

**You think that May is a totally normal month for a blizzard.**

**You grew up planning your Halloween costumes around your coat.**

**You know what the Continental Divide is.**

**You don't think Coors beer is that big a deal.**

**You've gone off-roading in a vehicle that was never intended for such activities.**

**You always know the elevation of where you are.**

**You wake up to a beautiful, 80 degree day and you wonder if it's going to snow tomorrow.**

**Everybody wears jeans to church.**

**When people out East tell you they have mountains in their state too, you just laugh.**

**You go anywhere else on the planet and the air feels 'sticky' and you notice the sky is no longer blue.**




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**MORE FROM EDNA BROWN'S BIOGRAPHY....(when they still lived in Buffalo)**

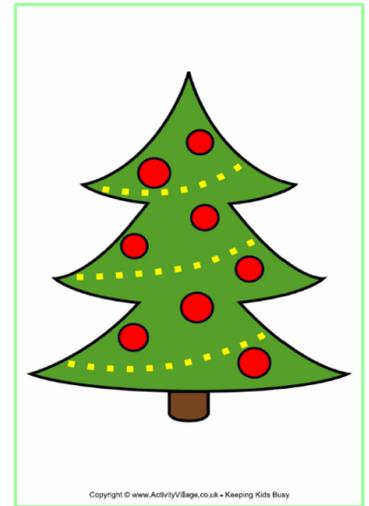
.....It was about this time I think when as I was told afterward, Father had mentioned something about my education. What he would like it to be, in front of Frank Grouard. A little while later Grouard came to Father and asked if he might be permitted to furnish the means of sending me away to college. Of course Father said it could not be allowed. I did not know of this for a long time after. What Grouard's motive was, or what was responsible for this impulse, I never knew. Father was always rather reticent on the subject. Grouard at that time had plenty of money. But he was quite a lonely man. The circumstances of his eventful life had seemed to place a barrier, between him and some classes of society. The fact that he had once lived with the Sioux Indians for so long, had been adopted as Sitting Bull's brother, caused some people to regard him as an Indian, while in fact there was not one drop of Indian blood in him. His mother was a Hawaiian and his father was a white man of French descent. Though not as dark in complexion as an Indian, yet his skin was quite brown. All sorts of rumors were afloat about him. This is why he never forced his society on anyone. He did not wish to bring criticism on any woman, by forcing his attention. I have met him on the street often and he would turn away so that I might not be ridiculed by speaking to him. Yet when he came to our house, his manner was easy, courteous and reserved. He had been married to a French woman, quite beautiful, they said, and had a boy about six years old. He had been separated from his wife for sometime.

## CREAM PUFF CAKE

Elaine Hilman

1 cup water  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 1 cup flour  
 4 eggs  
 1 pkg. cream cheese  
 3 tbsp. powdered sugar  
 2 boxes Instant Vanilla Pudding mix  
 2 + 1/2 cups milk  
 8 ounce whipped topping  
 chocolate syrup

In saucepan boil water and butter. At boiling, add flour. Cool dough. Beat into dough 4 eggs, one at a time. Bake in 2 - 9 x 9", or 1 - 9 x 16" pan at 400 degrees for 1/2 hour. Cool. Spread with 1 pkg. cream cheese mixed with 2 - 3 tbsp. of powdered sugar. Add Pudding mixed with 2 + 1/2 cups milk (use a blender). Top with whipped topping and drizzled chocolate syrup.



## JELLO DESSERT

Marilyn Blackley

crust:

1 cup flour  
 1/4 cup brown sugar  
 3/4 cup chopped nuts  
 1/2 cup butter

Combine all ingredients and mix like a pie crust and pat in 9 x 13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 minutes.

Filling:

30 large marshmallows  
 2/3 cup milk  
 1 cup whipped cream  
 2 - 3 ounce pkgs. raspberry Jello  
 2 cups hot water  
 2 pkgs. frozen strawberries  
 2 tbsp. sugar  
 nuts

Combine marshmallows and milk and cook over low heat. Add whipping cream and pour over crust. combine Jello, hot water, strawberries, and sugar; pour over marshmallow mixture. Refrigerate. Garnish with whipping cream and nuts.



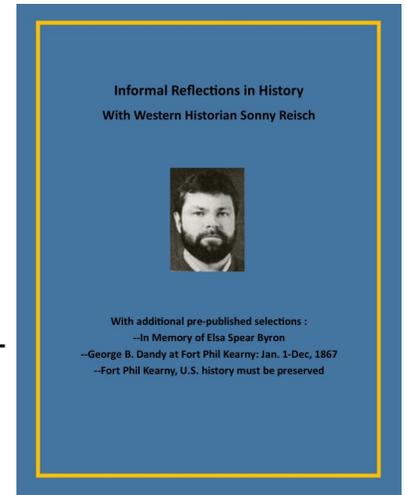
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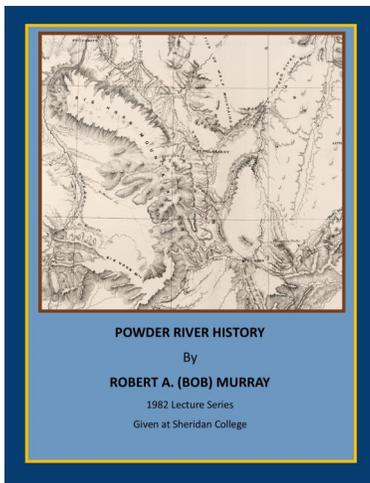
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Many holiday events were being planned at the post. One of the principal activities was to be on Christmas eve. A tree, with a program of songs, dialogues and readings. Mrs. Virden had consented to provide a part of the entertainment from her class. So for several weeks, each member of the class had been coached for their part of the entertainment. My contribution was "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight". I spent a lot of time studying elocution, rehearsing the gestures, the enunciation, and the accent of this very emotional and dramatic reading. One day nearing Christmas Mother came in to spend a few days with me. She called me into the sitting room where she was unfolding a pattern, and held it up to me. Then I saw a mound of white daintiness on the table, there was lace, ribbon and soft white dress material. I dared not hope that it could, by any means, be mine. I had been trying to content myself that one of my old dresses might be made over into something suitable for the coming event. But when Mother said, "You are going to speak your piece before lots of people, and after the tree and program there will be a grand ball, perhaps you will get to dance too". I was so ridiculously happy that I went out behind the house and cried for joy!

And when it was made, what a lovely dress it was! Mother and Mrs. Virden also created some pretty under things to wear with it of which I was just as proud as I was of the dress. The dress had a wide white ribbon sash of satin and there were lace ruffles around the skirt, the sleeves are short with wide lace at the elbow, the neck was fairly low with wide lace gathered around it. Each night I tried to visualize myself in my new dress weaving gracefully in and out through the forms of the quadrille. My dreams were filled with these wonderful possibilities. At last the great night arrived. Father and Mother and Roy came in to attend, Mother in her black silk dress which sported a new collar for the occasion, Father in his white dress shirt. Mrs. Virden supervised my toilet that night. (continued on page 4...)

All day my hair had been up in papers to make it wavy! When it was let down and brushed back it was tied loosely with white ribbon in the back, then on the right side just back of my ear I wore a small pink velvet rose. Never will I forget the sensation when I stood before the mirror completely dressed. I was so excited that I was actually faint. I could not resist the impulse to raise my hand frequently to show off my arms! Then after being dressed I rehearsed my reading to the family, I was letter perfect and did not forget a single gesture. When I finished Mrs. Virden said, "Edna you should be one of the main attractions to-night." I was soon to give my first elocutionary performance and to attend my first ball! It matters not what the passing years have brought to me I will never forget the wonder of that night. The crisp cool air, the splendor of a wintry night, the millions of stars twinkling in the heavens above. The frosty squeak of snow under our feet and merry voices ringing out on all sides as we walked the short distance to the hall.

At the entrance to the hall two colored men in soldiers uniforms acted as ushers, their white teeth gleaming in their broad smiles as they saluted and bowed to the people entering. The Christmas tree stood in the centre of the large ball room. It was a huge tree, the lights from the large chandeliers made it sparkle and gleam. When the candles on it were lighted, four colored soldiers stood guard around it in case of fire. The performers stood in front of the tree facing the front end of the hall. When my number was called and I stepped out to walk to the centre of the floor, I thought it was going to be an utter impossibility to guide my feet across that vast sea of floor. It seemed to me that my feet were detached from my body leaving me to drift slowly – oh – so slowly across that miles and miles of space. When I finally reached the designated spot and turned to face the lines of people before me, I felt a dreadful sensation of panic – I wanted to run away – I wished with all my heart that I could sink through the floor. I felt staring eyes focused on me – suddenly there was a breathless silence, waiting, expectant, in which I felt helpless, remote. Then, somewhere from out of the sea of faces before me, Mother's face suddenly gleamed, all others seemed to fade away – just her face confident, inspiring. At last the paralysis left my throat and the first words of the poem – "England's sun was slowly setting" – sounded far away like another's voice, but I felt my lips moving and then with a sudden glow, confidence and poise was restored. I took England's lovelorn maiden, who saved the life of her lover by clinging to the clapper of a great bell, through, to the dramatic climax!

I was heartily applauded as I walked back to my seat. I am glad to say that I never experienced that same sensation of fright again. Soon the program was over, the treat distributed, and dancing began, preceded by the grand march. As the gentlemen began moving about selecting their partners for the grand march, I was surprised when Father came and gallantly offered me his arm. I had expected that he would choose Mrs. Virden or Mother. We were one of the first couples on the floor, but soon a great line of people were moving in perfect step and rhythm. Looking around as we commenced the formal changes of the march, I saw that Mother and Mrs. Virden were among the dancers on the floor.

The dancers presented a stirring scene as the measures of the grand march came into full swing. The soldiers in their uniforms, blue with white stripes down the sides of the trousers, the pretty ladies in their beautiful dresses. It was a grand panorama and I thrilled to the tips of my toes with the thought that I was a part of it. My first participation in a grand march! I wanted so much to conduct myself so that Father would be justified in being proud of me. Then introductions began, my program was soon full. I danced with many of the young officers. I listened to a lot of flattery more or less sincere I suppose. But there was one compliment tendered me that night that I never forgot, nor did I ever doubt the sincerity of it. When the orchestra poured forth the sweet strains of "Home Sweet Home" Father was standing near Frank Grouard to whom he had been talking. Father knew that this man of wild adventures was reserved and too unobtrusive to ask me or any other lady present there, for a dance. So, wishing to be courteous and kindly to one whom he deemed worthy, Father suggested that Grouard dance this dance with me. They came over to me together, and Grouard's dark face glowed with pleasure when he asked me for this dance. Not because it was me, but because Father had accorded him this gesture of respect. He was a perfect dancer. He did not talk during the dance, until when the last strains were dying out he said, "Edna I shall never forget this dance if I live to a hundred years old. You are a very sweet person, and you are beautiful to-night." I said, "Thank you for saying such a nice thing to me." Then he took me back to where Father was. (end of Edna's story)



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Judy Slack - Newsletter Editor  
[blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com](mailto:blacksmithshop2019@gmail.com)



1919 Helen Currie - front center - At Soda Butte School south of Upton, Wyoming. The following story was written about a very memorable Christmas about the year this photo was taken. She was born in 1910.

A great surprise for us came on Christmas morning. We found some fruit in our stockings that we had never seen. Grandmother (who had come to live with them was from Nebraska) explained that it was fruit just being sold by the stores to see if the people would enjoy it. "It" was a banana! This was the first time I had seen or tasted bananas. We decided we liked them.

We had no fireplace on which to hang our stockings, and by the way we hung Mother's stockings because they were longer. We could use a small nail or tack and hang them on a window sill.

My Dad hung his socks over the back of a chair when he went to bed and the next morning they were filled with tobacco and a new pipe. My sister, Edna, and I just couldn't believe Santa knew Dad smoked a pipe and used a certain kind of tobacco. (Helen was Judy's mom.)